

The Midwest Quarterly

A JOURNAL OF CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT

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A JOURNAL OF CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT, is published by the Kansas State College of Pittsburg in January, April, July and October.

THE OBJECTIVE of the editors of THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY is to discover and publish scholarly articles dealing with a broad range of subjects of current interest. In no way competing with the more specialized journals, THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY seeks discussions of an analytical and speculative nature rather than heavily documented research studies.

THE EDITORS will be glad to examine manuscripts from all who are interested in submitting them. It should be pointed out that, ideally, these manuscripts should not exceed five thousand words in length, that they treat subjects of contemporary significance, and that they be interesting and readable.

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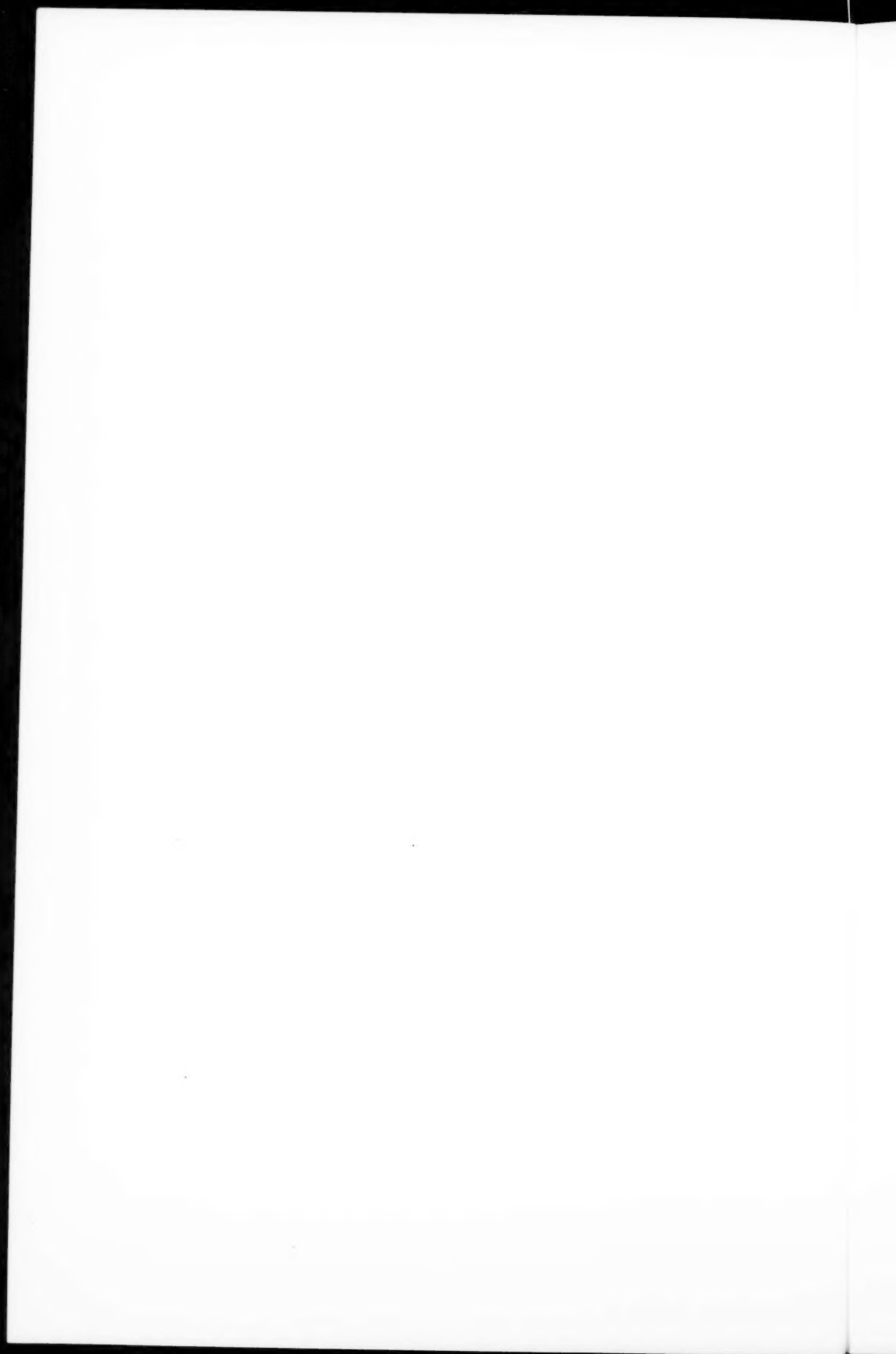
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in this issue . . .

WITH this number, THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY rounds out Volume I and in effect reaches a kind of maturity. Like the April issue, this fourth number moves our horizons further out by broadening the scope of material published. Once more the editors are able to offer a fairly wide variety of intellectual fare for our discerning readers. While the April issue saw us embark for the first time on the wine-dark sea of verse, this issue carries us further with contributions from two poets who write in the modern mood. And, manuscripts already in hand indicate, we can confidently promise to continue along the lines already charted: THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY will continue to bring its readers readable discussions of an increasingly broad variety of subjects.

AMERICAN MUSIC is a rather special subject to the extent that, while many Americans think they know a lot about it, a great deal of work needs to be done before *what* Americans know about their music is very soundly based in fact. The lead article in this issue concerns itself with an American composer of tremendous significance whose very name is hardly known to the majority of his countrymen. To her discussion of Charles Ives, JUDY BOUNDS COLEMAN brings an inquiring intellect and highly developed musical ability. The result is a unique analysis of a musician and his music from the point of view of a singer of his songs.

Judy Coleman took the bachelor of music, master of music, and master of music education degrees at the University of Oklahoma and was a pupil of Madame Eva Turner of London. In 1951 she won a scholarship to the Kathryn Turny School of the Metropolitan Opera and enjoyed a year of study in New York. She came to Kansas State College of Pittsburg in the spring of 1954 where she taught voice until June of 1959; during the last academic year she has been Visiting Professor of Voice at the University of Oklahoma. This summer she goes abroad for a year of study at the Royal Academy of Music in London under Madame Turner. As her article indicates, she has long been interested in Charles Ives and has corresponded with him and his widow. Among her prized possessions is a copy of his privately printed *114 Songs*.

CHARLES BURGESS, whose two poems, "Garden with Cat and Guitar" and "Green Space," appear in this issue of THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY,

has been a member of the Language and Literature Department of Kansas State College of Pittsburg since 1956, teaching contemporary literature, creative writing, and poetry courses. A graduate of Vanderbilt University, Mr. Burgess engaged in further work at Middlebury College (Bread Loaf School of English) and Columbia University. His poems have been published in a number of magazines, most recently *The New Yorker*. When four of his poems appeared in Rolfe Humphries' *New Poems By American Poets II*, Dudley Fitts noted his work and commented in *The New York Times*, "this is rare refreshment indeed." This summer Mr. Burgess is in residence at Yaddo, the artists' colony established at Saratoga Springs, New York, through the philanthropy of George Peabody and the Spencer Trasks. He is working on a collection of verse.

POETIC SYMBOLISM has long been a fascinating subject for literate men and women, particularly for students of poetry and the other humanities. R. D. LAKIN holds the bachelor of arts degree (*magna cum laude*) from Colorado College where he majored in philosophy and literature. From the University of Illinois he received his master of arts degree with a major in philosophy and a minor in history; while there he was a fellow in philosophy. He is currently working ahead on his doctoral program in the field of aesthetics. He came to Kansas State College of Pittsburg in the fall of 1959 as an instructor in the Department of Language and Literature.

While Mr. Lakin confesses to having many varied interests, his major interest is in all phases of the creation and criticism of art, especially literature, an interest which requires wide familiarity with aesthetics, literature and art, and the history of ideas. This goes far to explain his somewhat unorthodox academic background as well as his particular interest in the poetry of William Butler Yeats whose tower symbol he analyzes in the second article in this issue.

ATTRACTED BY and "very pleased to note" the announcement in THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY for January that we were about to begin publishing poetry was one LEWIS TURCO of Iowa City, Iowa, where he is a graduate student at the state university. He completed his undergraduate preparation at the University of Connecticut in 1959. While new to this journal, Mr. Turco is hardly an unknown among American poets. His first collection, *First Poems*, is a Book Club for Poetry selection and was published only last month. A second manuscript of his, *Raceway and Other Poems*, was recently recorded

for the American Poets Collection for the Library of Congress. Mr. Turco's verse has been published or is forthcoming in such well-known media of modern poetry as the *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *The Carleton Miscellany*, *The Kenyon Review*, *The Literary Review*, and *The Sewanee Review*. He was also represented in *New Campus Writing* #3. The editors of THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY are happy to include "A Hollow Rush" in this issue.

THE PHENOMENON OF DICTATORSHIP has engaged the attention of students of human behavior for a long time, but few analyses of the fictional treatment of the subject have appeared, notwithstanding the fact that many writers have directed their attention toward it. PRESTON SLOSSON brings to his discussion of dictatorships in modern fiction, particularly in the writings of H. G. Wells, a long lifetime of historical study and practice. A native of Wyoming and the son of a famous Kansas-born chemist, he began his professional career as a member of the United States Department of State, gathering material for the Paris Peace Conference, subsequent to the completion of his Ph. D. at Columbia University in 1916. At the conclusion of World War I he was appointed a member of the staff of the American Commission to Negotiate the Peace. After a year as literary editor of the *New York Independent*, he began a long teaching career as instructor in history at the University of Michigan where he is currently professor. In addition to Carnegie Visiting Professorships in various British and Scottish universities, he has published more than a dozen significant books, best known among which are *The Great Crusade and After*, *Europe Since 1870*, and *The Growth of European Civilization*.

During the past spring semester Professor Slosson has been a member of the Department of History, Government, and Philosophy at Kansas State University at Manhattan as part of a new program under which a distinguished scholar will be brought to Kansas State each semester; his appointment crowns sustained efforts in the College of Arts and Sciences to provide outstanding educational experiences for Kansas State University students. His article appearing in this issue of THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY was originally prepared as a paper to be read at the annual meeting of the Kansas Association of Teachers of History and Social Science in El Dorado last April. Professor Slosson is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and has long been active in the American Historical Association.

THE FOURTH ARTICLE in the current issue, "Two Portraits of a Lady," offers a somewhat unorthodox interpretation of two novels by Henry James. Our contributor, REBECCA PATTERSON, is a member of the editorial board of THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY and professor of American literature at Kansas State College of Pittsburg. Dr. Patterson took her A. B., A. M., and Ph. D. degrees at the University of Texas and taught English at the Universities of Texas, Stanford, and North Carolina before coming to Pittsburg six years ago. She is the author of a biography of Emily Dickinson published in 1951 by Houghton Mifflin, and of numerous articles on American literary figures. While she was working on her study of Emily Dickinson, Dr. Patterson held an A. A. U. W. Fellowship and the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship for 1950.

READERS OF OUR APRIL ISSUE will recall the lead article, "The Mosaic Heritage of Charles Darwin" by DAVID G. BARRY, Chairman of the Department of Biological Science at Kansas State College of Pittsburg. In this issue, Professor Barry concludes his discerning analysis of the intellectual background of Darwin's great *Origin of Species* in "The Darwinian Synthesis." It should be noted that since his last appearance in our pages, Dr. Barry has been promoted to the rank of professor of biology.

staff notes . . .

OUR literature and poetry editor, REBECCA PATTERSON, has been granted sabbatical leave for the next academic year. She is spending this summer in England and will winter on the Continent while working on her next book. Her editorial colleagues are naturally happy at this development, although they will miss her active and conscientious assistance with the work of getting out this publication. Replacing her on the editorial board is JOHN Q. REED, Professor of American Literature. As readers of our January issue will recall, Professor Reed is an authority on native American humor who writes against a Pennsylvania and Iowa background. A member of the faculty of Kansas State College of Pittsburg since 1955, he has published numerous articles on Artemus Ward including one in the 1959 edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Another Reed article on Ward will appear in the November issue of *American Literature*.

Charles Ives: The Man and His Songs

JUDY BOUNDS COLEMAN

IN THE darkened concert hall voices hush to a murmur, then silence, as the baton is lifted, poised—the extension of the arm and hand of the conductor—caught in the white light which draws the invisible curtain between the darkened audience and the lighted object. A moment longer the baton hangs motionless, waiting . . . then it swings higher, rises in the preparatory beat, and falls, measuring time as a perpendicular pendulum. At the bottom of the beat the smooth, sustained chords of the invisible string choir reach into the darkness of the hall, surrounding the audience with living sound, the embodiment of a man's intellect and emotion, recreated from black notation on white paper through the illuminated living whom the audience watch from their darkness. As the baton continues to measure time the unbroken sound of strings drones on in an unemotional yet tender and delicate sustained line. They do not pause, even for breath. Suddenly the visible trumpet, shocking as its tones tear into the unrelated strings, calls out its pathetic, urgent statement. The strings continue, soft—the sound of silence weaving its own rich harmonies. The trumpet calls again, louder, more urgent; its anxiety is augmented and echoed by the flutes. The strings do not hear. And so the composition continues—the strings hearing only one another while the trumpet cries out with increasing urgency, never to be heard, never to be answered; until at last the baton is still and the string sound dies and the hall is silent. Crashing applause tears the stillness to noisy pieces as the audience lauds the orchestra, the conductor and, most of

all, the composition. The applause increases, does not diminish. At last the conductor turns to the orchestra, lifts the baton once again, and the work is repeated for this audience who will not be satisfied by less.

This is a true story. It is August 25, 1959, in the Tschaikovsky Conservatory at Moscow, and the cheering, stamping, clapping throng are Russians. The conductor is Leonard Bernstein; the orchestra, the New York Philharmonic; and the composition is *The Unanswered Question*, written in 1908 by Charles Edward Ives. All America knows the conductor and the orchestra, but even in his native land, six years after his death at a ripe eighty years of age, Charles Ives is known only to musicians, to a small sophisticated audience, and to a few others who have read his name in books and articles. His composition, *The Unanswered Question*, written fifty-one years ago, is even less known; it is more often written about than performed, more often read than heard.

I

Who is Charles Ives, this man whose composition stirred a Russian audience to the ovation just described? He is an American, a giant among twentieth century composers, a prophet still largely without honor. In twenty-odd years of fever-pitch composition this Connecticut Yankee gave us seventeen orchestral works, twenty-nine works for various chamber music combinations, nine choral works, two piano sonatas and a collection of single pieces and studies for the piano, and one hundred and twenty-four songs. Incorporated in this music, all of it written before 1922 and most of it completed before 1916, are the rhythmic complexities of Igor Stravinsky, the twelve-tone devices of Arnold Schoenberg, and the quotation device of Béla Bartók; *but* Ives wrote in this new idiom twenty-five years before this country heard performances of the "new" music of these European composers. After the death of Arnold Schoenberg (according to Henry Cowell), his widow

mailed to Mr. and Mrs. Ives this note which she found among her husband's papers:

There is a great man living in this Country—a composer.
He has solved the problem how to preserve one's self and to learn.
He responds to negligence by contempt.
He is not forced to accept praise or blame.
His name is Ives.

True, Charles Ives' music in the year 1960 has been "accepted," is declared good, but performances are not frequent, even today. The struggle for acceptance of his music spans many years. Ives' first published work, his second piano sonata, *Concord Massachusetts, 1840-60*, completed in 1919, was not publicly performed in this country until 1939—twenty years later! The few attempts at performance of his music through the '20's gave audiences and critics nothing but laughs and an occasional headache. One movement of the *Concord Sonata* was reviewed under the headline: "A Terribly Hard Taste of Music." By 1927 a serious effort was made to perform some of the strange, new music in a Town Hall concert which marked the first presentation before a sophisticated musical audience of an Ives orchestral work. The audience bolted and ran, but two critics, Lawrence Gilman and Olin Downes, were interested. *Three Places in New England* (1903-14) was performed in the United States and Cuba in 1930 and 31. The following year some of his compositions were played in Europe. Little changed until 1939 when John Kirkpatrick's playing of the *Concord Sonata* in New York City found a receptive audience. Undoubtedly during the last half of the 1930's great assistance came from the *New Music Quarterly* and the *New Music Quarterly Recordings*. The fifties have passed, and yet, except for special audiences, only a few performances are given each year of the still "new" music of Charles Ives.

Unyielding hostility toward his music by the public and musicians was a detriment to the composer. Undoubtedly there are roughly composed, non-communicative sections

which could have been rewritten and improved had Ives been able to hear his music in performance. It is probable that he would have written much more had he not found the way so rough. Until 1908 when he married Harmony Twichell, the daughter of a Congregational clergyman of Hartford, he found no one interested in his new ideas about music. She gave him his only encouragement for many years. Musicians employed for private readings of his works thought him mad and frequently refused to play his music even for a generous fee. The few readings that were accomplished were so poorly played that they were little help to the composer. Unable to hear his music in performance, verbally abused by musicians and music "lovers," Ives gradually retired from all except his family and closest friends, and he became increasingly mistrustful of those who approached him about his music. The award of the Pulitzer Prize in 1947 drew from him a scornful "Prizes are for boys. I'm grown up!"

The wounds caused by the abuse of earlier years could not be healed by a success come too late. After 1922 his composition was confined to his last symphony, which from its beginning he had planned to leave unfinished, and to the rescoring of earlier works. He remained true to his ideals, but the energy for creation was spent. Born before his time, crippled as he was by neglect and hostility, he has nevertheless written compositions of enormous musical value. This is due chiefly to his excellent ability to evaluate his work, to know exactly what he wanted, and to the extremely high ideals of the man. He may well be the most original as he is certainly the most American of contemporary composers in the United States.

Ives' music is as American as *Washington's Birthday*, *Decoration Day*, the *Fourth of July*, *Thanksgiving* (a symphony in four parts, written in 1913), *Central Park in the Dark* (1907), *A Revival Service* (1896), *Lincoln, the Great Commoner* (1912), *Ann Street* (New York) (1907), *Walt*

Whitman (1921), *Thoreau* (1915), *Concord, Massachusetts* (1915), *Ragtime Dances* (1900-11), *An Election* (November 2, 1920) (1920), and the *Firemen's Parade on Main Street* (before 1912).

Charles Ives was of New England stock, the ninth generation of an English emigrant, Captain William Ives, who came from Dorchester, England, in the *Truelove* to Boston, Massachusetts, in 1635, and who was an original settler of Quinnipiak (New Haven), Connecticut, in 1638. On October 20, 1874, at Danbury, Connecticut, Charles Edward was born to Mary Parmelee and George E. Ives, a well-known musician and leader of musical life at Danbury. As a boy he attended the Danbury public schools and Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven, before entering Yale University, where he received his A. B. degree in 1898. His early musical education began under his father when Charles was still a small boy. This early training and environment were to have a tremendous effect upon the man, for his father surrounded him with queer inventions which produced quarter-tones, was constantly inquiring into the possibility of uniting more than one key in one composition, and carried on acoustical experiments in the home. The father's interests awakened in his son an unquenchable curiosity concerning the limitless possibilities of new instrumental and harmonic combinations. Charles was well-schooled in music appreciation, harmony, counterpoint, and instrumentation by his father. After the death of his father, he studied organ with Dudley Buck and Harry Rowe Shelly before completing his studies at Yale with Horatio Parker. Though his teachers were European-trained Americans whose music was an inferior copy of their German masters', Charles Ives was a completely American-trained musician, the descendant of an American whose paternal ancestor, eight generations before, was an original settler of the city where Charles attended school.

As early as his graduation from Yale in 1898, Ives knew that he had different ideas about music. His use of dissonance had shocked Horatio Parker, and as church organist he repeatedly shocked his congregations. Unable to resist an occasional dissonance in the Amen cadence or the addition of a second hymn tune, played in another key, in the congregational hymn singing, he finally resigned. He decided to pursue business as a career rather than music. He believed his music could be written more truly if he were not dependent upon this music to support him. The decision to keep music his avocation is certainly understandable, for one has only to hear or look at the scores he produced before and during the turn of the century to know how a publisher would have greeted his music. With a hint of bitterness Ives wrote that he found in the world of business "more open-mindedness and willingness to examine carefully the premises underlying a new or unfamiliar thing, before condemning it."

Determined to keep his music free, Ives entered the business world in 1898 as a clerk with the Mutual Life Insurance Company in New York City. In 1906 he founded the firm Ives and Myrick, in which he remained the senior member until 1930. The fantastic energy he expended during these years—business by day and music composition by night—forced him to retire that year because of ill health. As an insurance executive, he incorporated into his business new ideas that were almost as astounding to his associates as his music was to his musical associates. This million dollar insurance agency was modeled around the needs of the public, and at his retirement, despite friends' advice that his policies would force them to fold, the firm of Ives and Myrick had grown to be the largest of its kind in the country.

His business success is an example of the understanding that Ives had of the average man. Thirty years of meeting thousands of people through his business demands gave

him a high respect and deep interest and confidence in the average man's mind and character. This understanding affected not only his business but his music as well. His own words express this aptly:

My business experience revealed life to me in many aspects that I might otherwise have missed. In it one sees tragedy, nobility, meanness, high aims, low aims, brave hopes, great ideals, no ideals, and one is able to watch these work inevitable destiny. And it has seemed to me that the finer sides of these traits were not only in the majority but in the ascendancy. I have seen men fight honorably and to a finish solely for a matter of conviction or a principle—and where expediency, probably loss of business, prestige, or position had no part and threats no effect. . . . It is not even uncommon in business intercourse to sense a reflection of a philosophy—a duty of something fine—akin to a strong beauty in art. To assume that business is a material process, and only that, is to undervalue the average mind and heart. To an insurance man there is an "average man" and he is humanity. I have experienced a great fullness of life in business. The fabric of existence weaves itself whole. You can not set an art off in the corner and hope for it to have vitality, reality and substance. There can be nothing "exclusive" about a substantial art. It comes directly out of the heart of experience of life and thinking about life and living life. My work in music helped my business and my work in business helped my music.

Repeatedly in his own writing and in recorded conversations Ives spoke of his contempt for those who always chose the easiest path. The proud Yankee said of a suggested winter excursion to Florida: "Florida! Florida is for sissies!" He spoke strongly about sissies who cannot stand a strong sound in music. When he attended a performance of Carl Ruggles' *Men and Mountains* in 1931 he shouted at an uproarious auditor "Stop being such a God-damned sissy! Why can't you stand up before fine strong music like this and use your ears like a man!" In his *114 Songs*, which he published himself in 1922, Ives draws a clear picture of his belief in the right of music to do as it pleases.

Some have written a book for money, I have not. Some for fame; I have not. Some for love; I have not. Some for kindlings; I have not . . . In fact . . . I have not written a book at all—I have merely cleaned house. All that is left is out on the

clothes line,—but it's good for a man's vanity to have the neighbors see him—on the clothes line.

Some of the songs in this book, particularly among the later ones, cannot be sung,—and if they could perhaps might prefer, if they had a say, to remain as they are An excuse (if none of the above are good enough) for their existence, is that a song has a *few* rights the same as other ordinary citizens. If it feels like walking along the left hand side of the street—passing the door of physiology or sitting on the curb, why not let it? If it feels like kicking over an ash can, a poet's castle, or the prosodic law, will you stop it? Must it always be a polite triad, a ribbon to match the voice? If it wants to beat around in the valley, to throw stones up the pyramids, or to sleep in the park, should it not have some immunity from a policeman? Should it not have a chance to sing to itself, if it can sing?—to enjoy itself, without making a bow, if it can't bow?—to swim around in any ocean, if it can swim, without having to swallow "hook and bait" or being sunk by an operatic greyhound? If it happens to feel like trying to fly where humans cannot fly—to sing what cannot be sung—to walk in a cave, on all fours—or to tighten up its girth in blind hope and faith, and try to scale mountains that are not—Who shall stop it!—In short, must a song always be a song!

He believed that music was not for the easy-chair listener, that it need not be bound by old habits of other worlds and times. That same proud spirit freed music from its aging bonds and set it free—as free as the spirit of America.

From 1898 to 1922 Ives wrote the music he "heard," music from out of his New England childhood and life, music that grew from an American's heritage at the turn of the century—the heritage of Thoreau, Emerson, the evening hymn singing, the rag-time of the vaudeville shows which ultimately turned into jazz rhythms, the country barn dance. In his music are quotations from the hymns of his youth, freshly re-stated with a sincerity seldom found in the church, fragments of tunes that were popular in his youth, the spirit and enthusiasm of the summer band playing in the village square, the noise, frustration, gaiety and power of the city, and the quiet soul-searching of the lone man of the New England countryside. Above all, one feels the love of the New Englander for his country and the meaning of the American way of

life and ideals—its freedom! His music is not *about* these things, but through the genius of Ives, it is the *embodiment* of these things.

II

Ives is best known for his sonatas for piano and his violin and piano sonatas although his most voluminous output was in other composition. One rarely hears his chamber works or orchestral pieces in live performance, and recordings offer the best chance of hearing them. Of his important and beautiful songs for voice and piano, one hears only a few performed, almost always the songs Ives described as his "easiest to do," and those are not his most representative contributions as a song writer.

As a singer I am interested in Ives' songs. The singer knows that a song must contain specific qualities if it is to be successfully used in public performance. When he examines new music he determines whether or not these qualities are present. The song must be "singable"; it must be what we call "vocal." Just as the arrangement of the succession of notes in a phrase written for the keyboard determines whether or not the phrase seems to "lie under the fingers" of the pianist, so the arrangement of the notes and vowels in the melodic line of a song determines the singability of that melodic line. If a song is singable, it has an arrangement of notes and vowels which allows the voice to use them as the vehicle for the production of vocal sound. Further, the *tessitura* of the vocal line must agree with the *tessitura* of the type of voice which the song demands. Knowledge of the voice as an instrument is an essential for the composer who must match *timbres* of melody, poetry and voice. Next, the singer examines the balance of the poetry, melodic line and rhythm and, finally, the construction of the entire composition. Will the song communicate? A good song must communicate just as any work of art must. Since song employs an added element,

poetry, the entire work must balance the poetry, agree with it. Neither poetry nor music should be predominant, but they must be integrated to become a new art form—song.

Ives wrote that some of his songs cannot be sung. This is true. He composed a number of songs with no thought of the notes employed being singable, and of the songs that are singable a few were not intended for public performance. "Must a song always be a song!" In the songs which can be sung the singer who examines them will find a treasure of songs of sound musical value that are a challenge to any performer. The majority of the songs require an excellent accompanist and demand that the singer be a superb musician. The old (but too often true) saying, "There are musicians and there are singers," may be one of the reasons that Ives' songs are so seldom heard in recital. Indeed, the songs are a challenge. Frequently a song which requires only one minute performance time demands hours of rehearsal before singer and accompanist can master the notes from beginning to end, and the mastery of the notes is only the beginning of the rehearsal time required to prepare any song for public performance. Like any great work, a truly prized piece of art, the content is so multi-faceted that it requires patient hours of study and preparation and a great deal of professional skill to produce sufficient artistry to re-create the work in performance. To "re-create" means to make it live as the work of art it is.

Ives' songs cannot be classified and labeled either in aesthetic or technical content. The man developed a new harmonic system, a new concept of music, song and text, and their combined purposes, but he did these things as a free thinker with no idea of doing something "new." In his own words: "I found I *could not* go on using the familiar chords only. I *heard* something else." Herein lies the answer to the analysis of Ives' music. The new

ideas and sounds were not sought after, but were first heard in the mind of the composer and then transferred to paper. Consequently, it is impossible to do anything but discover what these new devices happened to be after they were finished.

There are many types of chords found in the accompaniment of his songs: chords built of thirds, superimposed throughout a wide range, many of these turning out to be tone clusters; chords built of fourths and fifths; almost constant use of dissonance; and a great deal of percussive accent strengthening the harmonic construction. Some of these songs make use of all of the tones of the chromatic scale, but the usual result harmonically is one of combined tonality, polytonality, and chromaticism. Ives has succeeded in finding exactly the correct combination of mixtures. Rather than the result being one of confusion to the ear, it is one of agreeable change and variety, which also communicates the desired result to the listener. It is not uncommon to find sections which are completely without tonality, building to great climaxes, and following abruptly is a quiet passage which is a quotation from a hymn tune, inserted without alteration. These quotations are so skillfully written that the balance between the two contrasting harmonic techniques is always perfect, sometimes startling but seemingly inevitable after the statement is begun. There are many passages in which seventh chords have been used in parallel motion, the result resembling some Impressionistic devices, but these are used with the same careful variation and skill. There are songs written at times in the whole-tone scale and in the pentatonic scale. In some songs there may be more than one scale present at the same time, and sometimes a scale is merely hinted at.

The old idea of rhythm, bound in a steady succession of metrical accents, was cast aside, oftentimes along with the bar line, and in its place a free rhythm, flowing at the will

of the composer, was substituted. Ives' rhythm is always different, fresh, and never artificial. His use of rhythm is varied. There are songs whose rhythm results from the phrasing, the pulling and releasing of tension of dissonance and consonance, the length of phrases and single notes, and the rise and fall of the melodic line. Yet, there are others in which the composer uses strong, percussive beats, never regularly, and usually with several different strong rhythmic figures moving together. There is the frequent employment of jazz rhythms. In many places the beat is strongly set and kept regularly pulsating; then, Ives starts moving one idea off this beat, and continuing in this manner, has the voice and both hands of the piano accompaniment (which is often divided into as many as four voices), all moving in obscure rhythmic patterns, so that any sense of a beat or metered pulsation is completely lost. These passages often create such cross-rhythms or polyrhythmic patterns as simultaneous groups of four, three, two, and five.

Melodically Ives is a brilliant inventor and a borrower and adapter. Although he makes frequent use of quotation of folk material, popular songs, and hymn tunes, his music is not weakened but strengthened. This is the result of the perfect balance between Ives' own material and that of the quotation. His melodic material runs from simple, diatonic phrases to complex chromatic ones involving the most difficult skips, but always present is sincere, deep emotion, which shows the composer's sensitivity and understanding of the elements about him—nature, man's weaknesses, strengths, and desires. Ives' emotions are communicative although they do not always stand out in easy listening.

The over-all result is more important than any description of compositional techniques. It is the ever-present, poignant melody, sincerity of purpose, and the individual-

ity of treatment that is so important. In no song of the later group has there been any concession made to easy listening or simple execution. Upon examining the composites, one discovers that the elements seem to be pulling at each other, but in performance they mold into a beautiful union of harmony, melody, rhythm and text, put together in a manner that creates a fantastic amount of music. One is always amazed by the potency of the usual one or two minutes of an Ives song. In these songs is visible the work of a genius. Ives' perfect balance of harmony, rhythm, melody and text has produced the most important songs in the American repertory to date.

III

The song, "The Things Our Fathers Loved (and the greatest of these was Liberty)," written in 1917, contains many of the typical compositional techniques of Ives. The song is communicative. It is a "singable" song, an excellent vehicle for the performing artist in both its melodic and emotional content. Extensive use of the quotation is found—in fact, the entire song is a series of quotations which have been woven together with the resulting unity and communicative power that is so skillfully accomplished by Ives. Polytonality and polyrhythm passages are found in his most typical use of the two techniques. The text is either by the composer or his wife, probably his, for he employed in many other songs the same device of using his own words in a narrative manner, written on both quoted and original melodic material. The grass-roots effect of the quoted material is common among his songs. The entire song is comprised of only twenty-two bars and its performance time is one minute, thirty seconds—the short song is typically Ives. Found in the majority of his songs is the imperfect final cadence and sudden ending which seems to come too soon with the effect of a suspension of the mood into the silence which follows the completion of

the song. The balance is perfect between quotation and originality, between the vocal material (text, rhythm and melody) and the keyboard material (melody, rhythm and harmonic structure), and the form meets the requirements of the emotional and intellectual content. Never is one aware of any one of the components. In the entire song there is not one note which could be omitted without damage to the song. All of the devices of composition and the text weave a song that is a work of art. Performed, it has a powerful effect upon the audience.

Composing in 1917 in troubled days for the United States, Ives waves the Stars and Stripes but in a manner much more subtle and more effective than in a similar song, "He Is There!" He achieves his expression of nationalism by extensive use of the quotation. Although there appear to be but three obvious quotations, only two bars contain original melodic material. The adaptation of the other quotations is executed so artfully that the listener is only "reminded" of something familiar. By including quotations from hymns and Stephen Foster as well as the patriotic "The Battle Cry of Freedom," Ives has achieved something greater than mere patriotism. There is a love of country and a way of life embodied in the song.

The elements which form the principal character of the entire song are incorporated within the first three measures. Already we know that something is taking conscious form, something from the distant past, and that this remembered thing is a precious memory, that it is loved with the tenderness of an old, familiar attachment. Bringing about this effect are the rhythm, the harmonic construction, the vocal melodic line, the voice type, the development of the melodic material in the piano, the text and the choice of key. The unusual skill of the composer is evidenced by the fact that the content of the entire song is communicated to the audience within the first twelve seconds of music

without dependency upon the text to "tell us what it is about." Examination of these component parts reveals the source of the communicative power of the song, and we can see clearly the manner in which the composer used these parts to create the effect he desired.

That the music seems to emanate from the subconscious is in part the result of the use of rhythm. Although the measure signature has been omitted, there are clearly four beats in each bar (with the exception of three bars). By beginning with the major triad on beat two and entering the voice on beat four in a pattern that clearly leads to the next down beat of bar two, we feel that we are in three and expect three beats to follow in the next bar. The eighth note pattern of the piano line automatically creates an accent on the third beat. This unexpected accent leaves us uncertain as to the location of the pulsation, and it is not until the additional accent is felt on the first beat of the third bar that we have a hint of consistency. By the repetition of the pattern which leads on to the third beat and through beat four, at last the feeling of either two or four is established. The effect created by this is uncertainty. It does not last long enough to become apparent, but its power is unmistakably felt. The eighth notes' moving to the longer value of the quarter lends movement and helps form the weak accent of the rhythm. The harmonic change from C major to F major further settles the beats into either two or four at the beginning of the third bar, and the harmonic repetition of the F major chord on the third beat gives the feeling of four as it forms a bar which is identical to the preceding bar of C major. The feeling of uncertain but definite movement is further enhanced by the staggered phrasing of the voice and piano. The voice phrases for breath after beat three of the third bar, but the piano adds one extra note which strengthens its sustaining quality. The piano phrasing is found between bars

three and four when the voice is rising on the pick-up notes to the fourth bar. Important too is the lack of an opening consonant at the entrance of the voice. The vowel is much softer than a consonant would have been, and the singer can enter, seemingly from nowhere, adding to the effect of the uncertain groping movement of a thought rising from the subconscious.

The song could be sung by high, medium or low voice, but it is undoubtedly written for low voice. The richness which the low voices have from A to A¹ and the brilliance which is added in the low voices from C² to F^{#2} are needed for the range and *tessitura* of this song. The lighter voices cannot produce the richness needed for the opening phrase or the strength demanded for the F major section which begins on the last beat of the tenth bar. Again, only the lower voices can produce the brilliance demanded by the D²'s and C²'s of bars 15, 17 and 19. The low, lush tones of the contralto or baritone, singing in the meatiest register, from the first vocal entrance in bar one add richness and warmth.

The richness of the vocal line is limited to a warmth, softness and gentleness in its communicative effect by the bright vanilla quality of the opening C major triad. The plainness of the C major and, in the third bar, F major triads, though soon spiced by polytonality, has its effect upon the ear. The combination of these simple chords with the velvet quality of the low voice creates a pleasantness, a warm richness, a gentleness, and quiet simplicity.

The notes in the left hand of the piano combined with those of the vocal line harmonically read C major through bars one and two and F major in bar three. Accounting for the rapidly diminishing quality of the struck piano tone, when read with the melodic material in the right hand of the piano, they read: (bar one) C major; (bar two) beat one—C major, beat two—E major with a passing tone be-

longing to E major, beat three—C major, beat four—C major with the accented non-chord tones of a ninth chord built upon C, which is a logical progression to the following (bar three) beat one—F major, beat two—A major, beat three—F major, beat four—F major with the accented non-chord tones which form the same ninth construction of the preceding bar, and which we would expect to progress on to a B^b major chord over the bar. Actually the E major and A major thirds are superimposed over C major and F major respectively. Further examination of the melodic line of the piano proves the first pattern to be a melodic statement in the key of A minor with the raised sixth and seventh steps of the melodic minor, and in the third bar is the identical pattern in D minor although the D is never reached in the fourth bar. Yet, the D is expected as the third of the B^b major triad we believe will follow. This use of polytonality is obviously closely related to the effectiveness of the song, for the minor scales, hinted at through the use of the major thirds and their ultimate completion in the key note of the minor, are the relative minors of the major triads upon which they are superimposed. Since the closely related relative minors are only hinted at, the effect is as if some unrecognized but familiar and related thought is prodded up from the subconscious by the audible utterance of its conscious relative.

The eighth bar is a quotation of the hymn tune, "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing." The opening statement of the vocal line is a partial quotation of that tune, but Ives has altered the tune by extending the C's to three instead of two. At its beginning the ear recognizes the familiar intervals but the entrance of the G[#] and F[#] in the piano and the repeated C in the vocal line proves the ear mistaken. The eighth notes, D and E, of the second bar become the rising notes in the opening phrase of "My Old

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The Things Our Fathers Loved

(and the greatest of these was Liberty)

(1917)

Slowly and sustained

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The tempo/mood is marked 'Slowly and sustained'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: 'I think there must be a place in the soul all made of tunes, of—'. The piano part features a melodic line in the right hand and a more rhythmic, harmonic line in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics: 'tunes of long a - go; I hear the or - gan on the Main Street cor - ner, Aunt'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures. The third system has the lyrics: 'Sa - rah humming Gos - pels; Sum - mer eve - nings, The'. The piano part includes some triplet figures. The fourth system is marked 'faster and with more emphasis' and 'in a gradually excited way'. The lyrics are: 'vil-lage cor-net band, play - ing in the square. The town's Red, White and Blue,'. The piano accompaniment becomes more active, with a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking. The score ends with a final chord in the piano part.

I think there must be a place in the soul all made of tunes, of—

tunes of long a - go; I hear the or - gan on the Main Street cor - ner, Aunt

Sa - rah humming Gos - pels; Sum - mer eve - nings, The

faster and with more emphasis in a gradually excited way

vil-lage cor-net band, play - ing in the square. The town's Red, White and Blue,

cresc.

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all Red, White and Blue ——— Now! *ff* *più accel.* I.A. Hear the

songs! I know not what are the *ff* I.A.

words But they sing in my *poco rall.* I.A.

soul of the things our Fath-ers loved. *p much slower* *very slowly and sustained* *pp* *ppp* *ppp* *ppp*

Kentucky Home." The following skip of the third from F to A, accenting the "and" of beat one of the third bar, is also a characteristic interval skip in "My Old Kentucky Home." Certainly as the melodic line continues into measures four and five, it is unmistakably a quotation from that Foster song. So, from the very opening tones of the melodic line Ives hints at fragments of ideas from the past although they are not yet brought into the full light of consciousness.

The reminiscent character of the song is augmented further by the two-fold effect of the descending eighth note patterns. First begun by the voice in the opening bar, the same descending intervals are heard in the piano in the second bar and again in the third bar, but the piano restates them in the hinted relative minor. The melodic material of the piano actually begins on the first beat of the second bar with a slur mark which ties the first tone to the descending eighth notes. The first note cannot be distinguished as the opening note of melodic material because it has already been struck as part of a chord in the opening bar. By using this particular marking the entrance of the eighth notes becomes weak and unaccented; thus, they seem to ooze in as a shadow of the vocal statement. Always shifting and weaving, Ives manages to add one more character—sentimentality—early in the song by using the C[#] of the third eighth note pattern as a "barber-shop" harmony effect a third higher than the voice. He increases this effect by writing a *crescendo* and a *tenuto* on the C[#]. This is the sentimentality of the popular music of his youth. The shifted accent of the vocal line to stress the preposition rather than the noun, coupled with the *tenuto*, makes one want to smile. This third statement of the opening notes of the theme takes on the emotional impact of pleasant, banal tunes heard and loved long ago. The combination of notes which are "corny" when heard in

their original songs is only hinted at with great subtlety.

The opening three bars contain all of the communicative material of the entire song. By his use of rhythm Ives has established a mood of quietness, little movement, and an uncertainty. From the selection of necessary voice type for the song Ives adds richness, warmth, and gentleness. The opening chords add pleasantness and simplicity. His use of the quotation of an old hymn tune and a Stephen Foster song includes the presence of old, familiar things loved, and his use of polytonality and the treatment of the melodic material seems to bring about a rush of old memories, an unknown but familiar something from the past which is moving steadily into the light of consciousness.

Ives continues to tease the ear, retaining the character created in the first three measures, through measure seven. After hearing the third bar the ear has a definite tonal center—F major. Of the B^b major chord expected in the fourth measure, only the B^b is found in the vocal line. Measures four through seven can be analyzed as a series of chords built upon thirds, forming varying combinations of major-minor and minor-major sevenths and ninths. Continuity is retained through the dominant of the dominant relationship of these massed thirds. The notes of the sevenths and ninths, arpeggiated in the left hand of the piano, continue the effect of the old barber-shop harmonies of the turn of the century.

Returning to examine these measures we can see that Ives achieves this prolonged uncertainty in part by his use of the quotation. The first real key feeling, F major, which was established in the first three bars, leads into the melodic line of "My Old Kentucky Home" in the fourth bar, and we expect:



Instead, we hear the D[#] and C[#] which produces the effect of the presence of two keys in the melodic line. The return to the B^b at the first of the fifth bar intensifies the feeling. The text now forces us to think "of tunes of long ago," and we hear them but so vaguely that they appear incorrectly remembered or confused as more than one rushes to mind. The rising voice builds to fall into the descending line of "My Indiana Home" as the text still urges us to recall melodic fragments of years past. With a standard harmonic progression we sweep on into the first clearly unmistakable quotation and hear "Aunt Sarah, who scrubbed her life away for her brother's ten orphans . . .," humming gospels, Aunt Sarah, who, "after a 14-hour work day on the farm, would hitch up and drive 5 miles through the mud and rain to prayer meeting—her one articulate outlet for the fullness of her unselfish soul." The mind and ear hear this quotation with relief—at last the listener is satisfied by the recognized quotation. The strong return to F major is the principal element of satisfaction. Until this moment the subconscious has not let go so that the mind could consciously grasp the thing it seeks to recall. We are finally satisfied, even to the inclusion of the Amen cadence (sketched in the piano in beats three and four of the ninth bar) in the right the voice is singing the opening line of "The Battle Cry" without alteration; it is worked contrapuntally against the chorus material which the piano is re-stating. The text prevents the listener from moving on in his mind to a patriotic song only. The recollection of "The village cornet band, playing in the square" and the fragment, "The town's Red, White and Blue, all Red, White and Blue," serve to combine other loves with the love of country.

Following the pattern of constant shifting set earlier in the song, Ives departs from this melodic quotation in the fourteenth measure and uses it to intensify the excitement

by working the voice and lower piano line in contrary motion, increasing the nervous movement by adding more notes and filling out every quarter of the beat, and the bar moves us with increased speed through a modulating passage into what seems to be the only logical progression.


In the key of G major, at the beginning of the fifteenth bar, the voice sings with abandon on the long, sustained notes of the unaltered quotation of the chorus of the hymn, "Sweet By and By." Typically Ives is the manner in which he creates such an astonishing amount of music in these few measures—bars fifteen through twenty. Through these measures, the voice sings the hymn tune without alteration. The material in the piano divides into three distinct voices. The extreme treble voice (played by the left hand crossing over the right) plays the chorus of the previously quoted "Battle Cry of Freedom;" the left hand bass clef tones are producing a bass-line effect, gradually descending in a constantly changing rhythmic sequence until it accelerates to quarter notes in the nineteenth bar and rests on the E in the twentieth; the right hand, playing the middle voice hand's third, B^b-D, and repeated A's of the left hand), the subdominant to tonic progression in the key of F major. With this satisfying cadence the first part of the song ends.

The transition to the second part is the tenth bar. The text too is transitional as it communicates a rush of pleasant memories by the simple, tender statement of "Summer evenings." It remains incomplete with the dominant seventh on C, and we wait anxiously to move on to its resolution.

Having finally become conscious of the rush of memories of things dearly loved, we move into these memories with an awareness of their presence as we enter the second part of the song. The now familiar and anticipated F major tonal center begins this part, and the suggestion of "Summer evening," placed over a moving bar of chro-

matics, sets us to thinking about the evening band concerts. The flag waving of the patriotic song is augmented by the preceding recollection of the love of a way of life and the love of the nation's people who live that life. The second section begins with the stronger *mezzo-forte* entrance of melodic quotations from "The Battle Cry of Freedom," quoted both in the piano and in the vocal line. The right hand of the piano plays the chorus of the song, the rhythm slightly altered, while the left hand sets up a strong oompah of the tuba and upright E^b alto horns. Over this melody the voice enters on a partial quotation of the verse and Ives works it contrapuntally against the piano melodic material. As the composer frequently does, at the first entrance of the voice the melodic material is only a partial quote or is altered with the resulting effect of a familiar thing remembered. But, by the thirteenth measure in bars fifteen, sixteen, seventeen and nineteen (the left hand continues the pattern in the eighteenth bar), forms the third voice in the piano, which is the figure that creates excitement and movement. Polytonality now is employed to create a multi-faceted section which can be described generally as excitement. The voice is singing the easily recognizable notes of "Sweet By and By" in an equally undebatable G major. The middle voice of the piano is sketching the outlines of the scale of A minor with both the raised and lowered sixth and seventh steps of the melodic minor. And, the lowest voice of the piano is creating cross-phrasings with the other three voices, and its tones fit both the keys of A minor and G major. In the eighteenth bar, the rhythm pattern, ♪ ♩ ♪, shifts from A minor to G major and is recognized as belonging to both "The Battle Cry" and the hymn. Excitement is further intensified by the polyrhythms created by the phrasings of the voice, right hand quotation and left hand bass line, brought to its greatest complexity in the eighteenth bar

by the inclusion of the five against two followed by six against two. In that and the following measure nineteen, there are patterns of simultaneous two's, one's, five's, and later one, six, three and four. So, we find a very complex section containing polyrhythm, polytonality and the quotation of two melodies used one against the other while the entire material is further complicated by the larger cross-phrasings.

After this mass of complexities, Ives typically winds up the entire piece by coming to a quiet stop as the pattern seems to reach its fullest moment of agitation and then ceases because it cannot go any farther. So the section ends with the voice sustaining on the G in measure twenty as the piano line rises in a hollow arpeggio of fifths and fourths until it re-states the  rhythm on tones belonging to either G major (without its F#) or E minor. The *rallentando* helps effect this "running down." The tones of the piano and voice linger on this chord until they die away, and in the ensuing quietness the voice continues with the pick-ups to the final phrase of the hymn.

The concluding statement returns us to the beginning. After the moment of abandon with its flood of lively excitement of remembered things, we retreat again to the borderline of the conscious and subconscious with the text's statement: "of the things our Fathers loved." The harmony and the rhythm again become obscure and uncertain—the final chord being a half-step too high and imperfect (we expect the G major cadence of the hymn), and the mind wanders again into regions of uncertainty, once again touching upon unrecognized but adored treasures. We sense that these treasures are fragile, could be destroyed and exist solely in the minds of men who give them their only value. We are left to ponder upon these loved things, and unmistakably to wonder if they will remain.

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A Hollow Rush

LEWIS TURCO

It goes away, Leola,
as the rabble hooves have gone;
the prairies linger.
None, no, none may know
the sable mane for long
nor the stallion's great desire.
The souls of brontosaurus still walk
their feather runs
for all I know, Leola.
This is true, though:
oceans dwell
among the continents.
Peer through a hollow rush,
Leola: sight is limited
and vaguely dry.
Look through your flesh
or mine, Leola—
what do you see?

Unity and Strife in Yeats' Tower Symbol

R. D. LAKIN

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS once said, "Form must be full, sphere-like, single." Yeats' entire creative life in many ways reflects form, if such be the criteria. The repetition which the reader encounters in Yeats' poetry certainly suggests a spherical movement, and its consistency argues its singleness. Although his range and powers increase, Yeats' basic materials remain surprisingly unchanged—he rearranges them constantly, but seldom discards them. These materials, in most cases, are related to Yeats' various symbols. Such symbols as tree, moon, rose, swan, dancer, hawk, gyre, stair, and tower are intimately associated with a number of the poet's major concerns from his early to his late poetry. In a curious way, these symbols themselves reflect a lack of unity, a lack of resolution in the poet's intellectual and emotional life. This somewhat paradoxical truth may be illuminated by an analysis of one of Yeats' central symbols, the tower. The analysis requires at least a summary knowledge of Yeats' theory of symbols, a brief acquaintance with the biographical facts related to the tower symbol, an examination of the intellectual significance of the symbol, and a study of the symbol's artistic role in several important poems.

Although Yeats' ideas about symbols crystallized over a number of years, he began quite early in his career (as evidenced in his *Essays*) to speak of the "indefinable symbolism which is the substance of all styles." At this time he conceived of symbols as the catalysts for changing past to present and present to future. They enabled the poet to discover a thread of continuity in life's constant, flowing

change. Moreover, skillfully developed symbols contain an endless suggestiveness, he believed, by means of which the symbols, instead of becoming static, dead words, are continually renewed and enlivened. As Yeats summarized: "It is only by ancient symbols, by symbols that have numberless meanings besides the one or two the writer lays an emphasis upon, or the half-score he knows of, that any highly subjective art can escape from the barrenness and shallowness of a too conscious arrangement, into the abundance and depth of nature." Increasingly, as the years passed, Yeats' insistence upon combining the personal, the traditional, and the abstract placed ever greater importance upon the symbols. To merge opposites, to eliminate contradictions, to span temporal changes, to unify the tangential aspects of life—these were more and more the (at least ideal) demands that he made upon his symbols.

Specifically, Yeats made four broad contentions about the use of symbols. These contentions formed the permanent framework within which he viewed his symbols. His first requirement was that symbols must express the personal language and feelings of the poet. Second, each symbol must relate to the author's other symbols. Third, our knowledge of any given poem (and its symbols) should increase in proportion to the understanding we possess of the rest of the author's poems. And, last, symbols should take on meanings other than the ones which the poet assigns them. These four ideas afford an insight into his development of the particular symbol of the tower.

The earliest use of a tower in Yeats' poetry occurs in *The Wanderings of Oisín*, in which the poet speaks twice of "dark towers." In this narrative poem, as in most of his earlier poems, the tower is not used as a symbol. But, even at this time, the tower apparently had a peculiar fascination for Yeats. Marion Witt, in his essay, "Making of an Elegy," quotes Yeats as describing one particular

tower, as early as 1899, in this manner: "An old square castle with old ash trees throwing green shadows upon a little river with great stepping stones." Norman Jeffares, in his biography, supports this information, going on to relate how Yeats had described Thoor Ballylee as a little group of houses in the neighborhood of Coole made famous in Western Ireland because the Gaelic poet, Raftery, had made a song about the peasant beauty, Mary Hynes, who lived there. Thoor Ballylee was the tower in which Yeats later made his home; as we shall see, he also made it an important pillar in his thought.

Some of Yeats' early essays, however, indicate that the symbolic possibilities of the tower intrigued him even earlier than Oisín. His earliest readings of Shelley impressed him with a number of that romantic's symbols, including the tower. In an essay on Shelley, Yeats mentioned that "the tower in Shelley is a very ancient symbol, and would perhaps, as years went by, have grown more important in his poetry." The tower, he continued, suggests "the mind looking outward upon men and things." Other known early intellectual and artistic influences on Yeats which mention or involve towers include Milton's "Il Penseroso," Villiers de Lisle Adam's "Axel" (which Yeats read in 1889 and saw produced in 1899, declaring that it had made a "profound impression" on him), and Samuel Palmer's drawing of the "Lonely Tower" from "Il Penseroso."

Yeats made use of towers in other early poems, such as "Under the Round Tower" and "Where Helen Lived," but not until 1918 does the tower begin to assume its role as one of Yeats' dominant and most personal symbols. At this time, after several years of anticipation and indecision, Yeats finally purchased the Norman tower, Thoor Ballylee, upon the favorable advice of his friend, Robert Gregory (son of Lady Gregory). Yeats thus fulfilled an

ambition of many years' standing. Robert Gregory made a sketch of the tower and helped Yeats in his preliminary efforts at restoration of the dilapidated structure. Yeats was looking forward to a close friendship with Gregory, but, only a few months later, this young friend was killed in the first world war while leading his squadron. The elegiac poem, "In Memory of Major Robert Gregory," reveals new depth of feeling in the use of the tower symbol. The addition of significant personal experience had been needed before the symbol could take firm root in Yeats' creative imagination and blossom forth as a major symbol.

Analyzing the precise intellectual content of the tower symbol is by no means as easy as tracing its origin and development. As with all his symbols, Yeats objected to making the tower too specific in meaning. He liked to think of his symbols as having, as Richard Ellmann says in his *The Identity of Yeats*, the "variability of living man." Symbols are involved in the process of thought but our thoughts themselves, Yeats maintained, "are not, as we suppose, the deep but only the foam upon the deep."

Still, a number of ideas emerge clearly enough. First of all, the poets that Yeats read who refer to towers all used towers as lonely retreats for the solitary and independent artist or student. For instance, Samuel Palmer, referring to his painting, made a comment with which Yeats was probably familiar: "We must reach poetic loneliness—not the loneliness of the desert, but a secluded spot." Yeats retained the idea of the lonely artist even in his very late poetry, as in "I Am Of Ireland," where he speaks of "one solitary man." Along the way, he wedded it to the idea of wisdom and knowledge, as in "The Phases of the Moon," where the tower is "An image of mysterious wisdom won by toil." The description is drawn in a number of different ways of the artist poring over his books late at night with

only a single, flickering candle to keep him company, seeking "what he shall never find." As knowledge, the tower symbolizes the inactive, artistic or philosophic life, as opposed to the life of action. In connection with the tower, Yeats often mentions "this sedentary trade," "sedentary toil," and "laborious stair."

The opposition of life in the tower to the active, adventurous life—the life of power—has been compared to Shelley's contrast of tower and cave. (This comparison seems sound, since Yeats himself suggested it.) The conflict between wisdom and power takes place on many different levels in Yeats, and by no means always in direct connection with the tower, although it is often close at hand, as in "Leda and The Swan" or in "Dialogue Between Self and Soul." The conflict sometimes occurs within the tower itself. In "The Black Tower," for instance, the old cook, who possesses imagination and "swears that he hears the king's great horn," is ineffectual against the "hale men" who have power but lack wisdom and imagination. In this way the tower dramatizes the dichotomy between wisdom and power which preoccupied so much of Yeats' thought.

At the same time, Yeats found the tower an appropriate symbol to express permanence and tradition. Norman towers were numerous in Ireland, and they had centuries-old traditions behind them. They seemed a part of the very land. Possibly they suggested to Yeats emblems not only of a vanished aristocracy but of a time more at one with itself, more respectful of values, both artistic and human. In "Blood and the Moon," he tells us that seven previous centuries have left the tower pure, "The blood of innocence has left no stain." In the same poem he seeks to establish his tower still more firmly in Irish history by connecting it with the Irishmen he holds in highest esteem

—Goldsmith, Swift, Berkeley, and Burke. (Historically there was no such connection.) Thus for Yeats the tower symbol becomes “rooted in artistic tradition as well as ancient earth.”

Besides the already-mentioned relationship with Robert Gregory, another idea connects Yeats with the tower in a way more personal, less abstract than those noted above. It is the idea of personal ownership and family attachment. It is the idea of tradition pulled down to everyday reality. Yeats sunk his roots deep at Thoor Ballylee, as reflected in his poetry. “God grant a blessing on this tower and cottage/And on my heirs.” “I, the poet . . . Restored this tower for my wife Georgie.” And particularly in the series of poems entitled, “Meditations In Time of Civil War,” is this possessiveness apparent: “*My House*,” “*My Table*,” “*My Descendants*.” Yeats had thus found a means of bringing into closer relationship his personal life with his artistic and imaginative life.

The poem “*My House*” from “*Meditations In Time of Civil War*” illustrates Yeats’ ability to use his symbols in a very natural, yet suggestive way.

An ancient bridge, and a more ancient tower,
A farmhouse that is sheltered by its wall,
An acre of stony ground,
Where the symbolic rose can break in flower,
Old ragged elms, old thorns innumerable.

With a minimum of words, Yeats has described his home, Thoor Ballylee, in a perfectly simple and personal fashion. Without ever having read other poems by Yeats, a reader could understand these lines. But to those more familiar with Yeats, it is clear that the “ancient tower” is no ordinary tower. It is a tower bound to tradition, to the vigil of the lofty artist, to the soil itself, the “acre of stony ground.” The “symbolic rose” connects the poem with the whole body of Yeats’ verse, including the earliest, so that

the present moment is not an isolated one, but is in the irresistible current of the poet's life stream. Here is repetition in the unbroken sphere of events.

A winding stair, a chamber arched with stone,
 A grey stone fireplace with an open hearth,
 A candle and written page.
Il Penseroso's Platonist toiled on
 In some like chamber, shadowing forth
 How the daemonic rage
 Imagined everything.
 Benighted travelers
 From markets and from fairs
 Have seen his midnight candle glimmering.

The "winding stair" symbol is closely related to the tower symbol. The stair suggests struggle, effort, movement,— "this winding, gyring, spiring treadmill of a stair"—while the tower is stable and suggests a limitation of movement, at least horizontal movement. This interplay of symbols, again, is dependent for fullest understanding upon prior knowledge of Yeats' use of the tower symbol, the system of gyres, and the conflict between change and tradition. By the reference to Milton and the "midnight candle glimmering" Yeats once more calls attention to the tower's role in the life of the creative artist.

In this single poem, then, Yeats has demonstrated three of his theories about symbols. The sensitive reader would have no trouble in fulfilling the last, that is, assigning meanings to the symbols of which Yeats was unaware. The relationship of the stair and tower, for instance, could easily suggest other relationships than the one mentioned here.

The reader may object at this point that this account of Yeats' tower symbol is ingenious rather than convincing—that it imposes far too much upon one single word. This suspicion can be dispelled by other examples of Yeats' use of the tower. In "Blood and the Moon" Yeats declares the tower symbol his personal symbol, relates it to his other

symbols (stair, gyre, sun, moon), and connects it with ideas drawn from many other places.

Alexandria's was a beacon tower, and Babylon's
 An image of the moving heavens, a log book of the sun's journey and
 the moon's,
 And Shelley had his towers, thoughts crowned powers he called
 them once.

I declare this tower is my symbol; I declare
 This winding, gyring, spiring treadmill of a stair is my ancestral
 stair;
 That Goldsmith, and the Dean, Berkeley and Burke have travelled
 there.

To be sure, Yeats is not always so obvious. His usual practice, in keeping with his injunction that symbols should not be too specific, is to play down the symbols, to keep them tightly under control so that they fit naturally into the particular poem and require no previous knowledge on the part of the reader. An interesting example of this was pointed out by Marion Witt in another article on Yeats. The poem "The Tower" has the tower as the orienting symbol—the base from which to launch out into mythology, history, reminiscence, introspection, and philosophy.

I pace upon the battlements and stare
 On the foundations of a house, or where
 Tree, like a sooty finger, starts from the earth.

But here the tower symbol remains implicit in its meanings in contrast with "Blood and The Moon." In an early draft, however, Yeats had introduced more specific meanings.

The river rises, and it sinks again;
 One hears the rumble of it far below
 Under its rocky hole
 What Median, Persian, Babylonian,
 In reverie, or in vision, saw
 Symbols of the soul,
 Mind from mind has caught:
 The subterranean streams,
 Tower where a candle gleams,
 A suffering passion and a laboring thought.

This stanza (placed between stanzas two and three of the published version) was later omitted.

A more subtle example of the same pattern occurs in "Leda and The Swan," one of the three or four most compact poems which Yeats composed. In an early version, Yeats had written lines 9 and 10, "The broken wall, the burning roof and *Tower*/And Agamemnon dead." The capitalization calls attention to the importance of the tower symbol which relates the poet's kaleidoscopic vision of the destruction of Troy, the decline of Grecian and Roman civilizations, the destruction of values, the physical, sexual details of the rape of Leda, and Yeats' personal struggle for wisdom. The finished poem drops the capital and the reader can read tower without puzzling over the significance of the capitalization. This quite minor technical change strengthens the unity of the poem as a whole, and confirms in practice Yeats' theory that a familiarity with his symbols should not be necessary for a first reading of his poems. At the same time, our previous knowledge of the poet's meanings for the tower symbol heightens the powerful impact of the poet's vision and of his searching question. Without such knowledge, for instance, the reader would be unlikely to forge the link between the myth which the poet is retelling and the extremely personal statement of the poet—once more concerning the conflict of power and wisdom.

Variability of the tower symbol is noticeable in several poems, most notably, "A Dialogue of Self and Soul." Here, somewhat unexpectedly, the tower is "emblematical of the night," being opposed to Sato's sword "emblematical of love and war." Such continuity as there is apparently lies in the opposition of the sword—action, movement, power—to the tower—creativity and spiritual wisdom. Other variations include the physical changes of the tower itself. In "Blood and the Moon" Yeats symbolizes the

decay of modern life by referring to a ruined tower, "Half dead at the top." The tower is being consumed by fire in "Leda"—"the burning roof and tower." In one of his earliest, as well as in one of his latest poems, Yeats speaks of "topless towers," both times in connection with the story of Helen of Troy and Marlow's "topless towers of Ilium." As in "Leda," the poet seeks in these instances to ground his poetry in mythology.

Judged by his four criteria, Yeats' tower symbol is quite successful. Its personal significance, its interrelatedness with his other symbols, its growth, and its suggestiveness can be demonstrated. A further quite remarkable element, however, remains to be discussed—the continuity of the symbols in Yeats' thoughts and poetry. One striking example will illustrate this continuity.

As we have seen, Yeats was attracted to the tower symbol early in his poetry. In a passage in the essay on Shelley already noted, Yeats describes a scene from Shelley in this way: "Prince Athanase followed his mysterious studies in a lighted tower above the sea, and he made the old hermit watch over Leon in his sickness in a half-ruined tower." The date was about 1899. Thirty years later this passage remained a part of the poet's creative consciousness and appeared in the poem "Symbols."

A storm beaten old watch-tower,
A blind hermit rings the hour.

Here is Yeats the poet in his storm-beaten citadel, Yeats the maker of myths, the Homer of the "Irishry." And here, too, is the ever present conflict, interjected by another symbol, the sword:

All-destroying sword-blade still
Carried by the wandering fool.

Gold-sewn silk on the sword-blade,
Beauty and fool together laid.

Power is in the hands of fools, while the hermit is powerless. But there is "silk on the sword-blade," beauty in

power, beauty inextricably bound together with power. The poet is still in a dilemma: he cannot retreat utterly into the tower, nor can he go mindlessly wandering with the fool. Here we see the dynamic role that Yeats' symbols play—their active participation in the artist's struggles.

Thus, Yeats' symbolic theory and practice reveal continuity and unity over the entire span of the artist's long and continually productive creative life. This phenomenon certainly reflects a high degree of coherence in Yeats' imaginative powers. Still, it is difficult to agree with Richard Ellmann when he says in *Yeats: The Man and the Masks* that Yeats' "answers are symbolic, but fully in harmony with one another." The striking feature of the symbols, as illustrated in our analysis of the tower symbol, is that they embody, not unity, but conflict and discord. The symbols are not ultimately harmonious; instead, extreme tension and friction exist among them—wisdom and creativity remain estranged from power and action. To the very end, Yeats stood torn between his need for artistic isolation and his need for immersion in the world of power and action, and he remained skeptical about the chances for a successful amalgamation of the two. Yeats' symbols partake of the dissonance which clangours in his soul. They do not blend, unify, or resolve.

This final irresolution, though, is perhaps no less than fitting in our age. Yeats' vision, clear as it is, is unable to unify the growing fragmentation of life. Powerful as his poetry is, it did not reassure him of his strength, his usefulness, his power to do more than observe life from his tower. The artist is impotent, the man of power stupid and dull. This schism, this neat pigeonholing of poet and politician that has become an accepted part of our modern life, presents itself as a major conflict in Yeats' poetry. The conflict rages in the poet's innermost soul as well as in his abstract scheme of philosophy. Both Yeats' stone

tower of maturity and his ivory tower of youth are subject to the torments of impotence and dissatisfaction.

The reader who seeks in Yeats' poetry for final answers will be left in suspense. There is more irony than resolution in his statement:

The abstract joy,
The half-read wisdom of daemonic images,
Suffice the aging man as once the growing boy.

"Half-read wisdom" is never sufficient while it is out of harmony with power and action, while the poet in the tower is immobilized by his doubts and contradictions. The resolution of the conflict of Yeats' symbols hangs on the poet's unanswered question about Leda:

Did she put on his knowledge with his power
Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?

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Dictatorship in Modern Fiction

PRESTON SLOSSON

THE PERIOD just before the French Revolution has generally been called "The Age of Enlightened Despots." The period since the First World War may well come to be known as "The Age of the Dictators." Of course, in some parts of the world, as in Latin America, dictatorships had long been more the rule than the exception, but in Europe in 1914 there was not a single clear-cut case. That institution seemed to belong to the past, along with Cromwell and Napoleon. But, starting with Russia in 1917, dictatorship spread like a rash across the face of the continent, and, by the outbreak of the Second World War nearly all eastern, southern, and central European countries had their dictators.

Since then there has, indeed, been a change. With the exceptions of Spain and Portugal, the Fascist type has disappeared from Europe. But the Communist variety has thrived and multiplied, in Asia as well as in Europe. There have also emerged new nationalistic dictators in parts of Asia and Africa. Today, probably over a billion human beings look up to some arbitrary personal ruler.

Naturally, this phenomenon has not escaped attention. We have studies of the political, the economic, the sociological, and even the psychiatric causes which enable one man to rule over many. But little has been said of the literary reflection of this modern trend in prose fiction. I do not here refer to the numerous novels which have shown imaginary characters in the grip of real historical governments, but rather to the rarer type in which the dictator himself is an artistic creation of the author. Thus I

do not include such novels as Edward Lucas White's *El Supremo*, a realistic study of dictator Francia of Paraguay, who appears under his own true name, but rather such stories as George Orwell's *1984*, in which the dictatorship itself is fictional. Even this limited area is thickly peopled, and I intend merely to sample its richness. I also intend to limit this study to fictions realistically treated and more or less contemporary or, if placed in the future, then in the near future; science fiction opens altogether too wide a Hell-Gate of possible horrors in far distant ages.

As a class these fictions are documentary. They do not portray real persons, but they take a kind of composite photograph, with traits drawn from several actual individuals. Thus when J. Fred Rippy wished to give his readers a composite picture of Latin American dictators ("Dictatorships in Latin America" in *Dictatorships in the Modern World*, edited by Guy Stanton Ford, University of Minnesota Press, 1935), he began with an extract from O. Henry's *Cabbages and Kings*, the story of an imaginary President Losada of Anchuria. There are some advantages in this abstract and symbolic method, because dictators are usually persons of marked individuality, whose personal eccentricities may obscure their institutional role.

Abstraction and symbolism are, indeed, carried to a dubious extreme in Clemence Dane's (pen name of Winifred Ashton) novel, *The Arrogant History of White Ben*, written in the early days of Hitler's regime. White Ben is a scarecrow come alive to free England of the "crows"—profiteers in general and Jewish profiteers in particular. The manner in which White Ben changes from liberator to oppressor and is finally shown up as a mere thing of sticks and rags satirizes many aspects of Hitler's career.

America has produced fewer studies of dictatorship in fiction than has Britain. We have, indeed, many novels dealing with the rise and fall of the party boss, by such

writers as Brand Whitlock, Winston Churchill, and William Allen White, but the boss has to wear the clothes of democracy and rule by cunning rather than by the naked sword. Bordering closely on the dictator, however, are leading characters in such novels as Nathaniel Tucker's *The Partisan Leader*, written before the Civil War; Colonel E. M. House's youthful indiscretion, *Philip Dru: Administrator*; Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men*; and the remarkable study of Huey Long's career (though under a fictitious name), Adria Langley's *A Lion is in the Streets*.

But the out-and-out dictator appears rarely in American fiction. Two instances are, however, beyond question. One is Jack London's little book, *The Iron Heel*, written during his most militant phase of left-wing socialism before the First World War. America is threatened with a socialist revolution. The wealthier capitalists are resolved to act, to prevent either armed revolt or a peaceful socialist victory at the polls, so they establish a dictatorship whose iron heel grinds to powder both middle-class and proletarian resistance. It is the most remarkable anticipation of Hitler and Mussolini that I have read, either in fiction or in sober sociological prophecy, though by some curious error of the crystal ball, Jack London has his Fascist dictatorship take place in the United States!

Sinclair Lewis also depicted America under Fascist tyranny in his much better known *It Can't Happen Here*, but he had half of Europe for a model by the time he wrote, and his work shows less originality. Lewis' novel is curiously uneven in quality; it contains some of his very best writing and some of his worst. Not one of the three successive dictators in the tale seems very real; they are bookish, second-hand figures. But the methods used by the dominant party in spreading its propaganda follow the best recipes of demagogery in all ages from Cleon to McCarthy, and Lewis is masterly in showing how such a party

could recruit its followers from life's failures—all the way from minor politicians on the shelf to slovenly hired men on the farm. Frustration is the chief parent of Fascism.

The best known English fictional dictatorship is, of course, George Orwell's 1984. It is, indeed, too familiar to require discussion, but two points in this fantasy might be worth stressing. One is that no one seems really to know whether "Big Brother" is a human being or merely a symbol of the State; another that the State could equally well be described as Fascist or Communist, the only certainty being that the dictatorship is total. The moral is that tyranny is tyranny under any label, and that it matters not a whit whether it comes from the Right or from the Left, from the will of a single man or that of an impersonal committee.

I wish to make a special case study of H. G. Wells for several reasons. One is that he took the future as his special province, and so, in one sense, all his novels and short stories are dictatorships by the author himself, because he can map out the future according to his own will, whereas the past and present are confined within a framework of unyielding historical fact. But in several cases he also used dictatorship as his theme. One of his earliest novels, *When the Sleeper Wakes*, is based on the novel idea that if a man could sleep for many years his investments, never being divided among his heirs, might increase in value till he awoke owner of the world. But this was just one of many amusing ventures into scientific fiction; Wells' serious sociological works before the First World War, presuppose some sort of liberal and constitutional government; often, however, more aristocratic than democratic, as in *A Modern Utopia*, where the world is ruled by the Samurai, a class of "voluntary noblemen" whose austere and self-disciplined lives remind the reader of Plato's Guardians.

It is his novels of the nineteen thirties which most often turn on dictatorship as an institution. The first of this

group, *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham*, written in 1930, is perhaps less a novel than an allegory or moral fable. A history professor, full of conventional notions of "national prestige" and the "balance of power," falls into a dream of limitless authority, as the militant Spirit of the Age occupies his feeble frame, and he becomes the British Mussolini. Mr. Parham, by an amusing parody on his own name takes the title of the Lord Paramount. His aggressive diplomacy starts a world war, and he awakens amidst a nightmare of disaster. In this stage, Wells was totally hostile to totalitarianism.

In *The Shape of Things to Come*, however, written during the depths of the depression in 1933, Wells is partly won over to the cause of the dictators, because of his scorn of the feeble inadequacy of parliamentary democracy in dealing with the economic crisis. "Fascism," he says, "was not altogether a bad thing; it was a bad good thing." Russian Communism, at least in Lenin's time, was even better. "While he lived, Russia's experiment really seemed to be leading the world in its flight toward a new order from the futile negations and paralysis of Parliamentary government."

But neither Facism nor Communism in his opinion had the right answer. According to Wells, Russian thought was weighted down by "proletarian cant," just as Fascist thought was buried under nationalistic cant. As for Hitler, he was a "vulgar, limited, illiterate man, lashing himself to fierceness," and his emblem, the swastika, was "the idiot's own trade mark." His analysis of the rise of Hitler and his prediction of the Second World War were amazingly accurate for so early a date as 1933. "If Germany had gone right, everything would have gone right," he says, but democratic Germany in the nineteen-twenties, looking abroad for friendship and understanding found instead "only Foreign Offices." A Second World War begins in 1940 in a Polish-German quarrel over the Corridor—

Wells hit the occasion exactly, and missed the date by only one year—which was soon merged with an Italian-Yugoslav conflict over the Adriatic.

The war spreads and finally brings bankruptcy, plague, and famine over the whole world. Mankind is saved by an international dictatorship. This is variously spoken of as the "Air Dictatorship," because the World Council ruled by its monopoly of armed aircraft, and the "Puritan Tyranny," because of the self-denying and devoted lives of the new masters of mankind. It is ascetic, antiseptic, austere, and utilitarian. Christianity and other religions die out in its non-supernatural atmosphere. Literature is purged of pornography, but also of romance. But, under this bleak régime, mankind is finally freed from poverty, war, and contagious disease. Eventually, there is a sort of peaceful revolt of the artists against this excessive puritanic severity, and the world settles contentedly down to a blameless regulation of human affairs by scientific techniques, without the need for any political government at all.

Apparently, at this period, H. G. Wells thought that dictatorships were good or bad according to their aims. Hitler's was all wrong; Mussolini's perhaps one-third right; Lenin's about half-and-half; an imaginary dictatorship which would establish a scientific World State would be nine-tenths to the good. This view is reinforced by a slighter novel, inspired by the Spanish civil war, *The Brothers*. The leader of the Left and the leader of the Right discover that they are brothers, and not only in blood but in spirit. They plan a sort of a joint dictatorship in the interests of the common man, but their followers cannot understand them, and the twin dictators and their work are destroyed by the hot-headed folly of their own bigoted lieutenants. The moral which Wells draws is that Communism and Fascism are both on the wrong track; their error, however, is not the use of dictatorial methods, it is rather that both are

handicapped with false ideologies which blind them to the real needs of humanity.

By far the best of these novels is *The Holy Terror*, written in 1939. The dictator in *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham* was a symbol; in *The Shape of Things to Come* a committee; but *The Holy Terror* was a real man, though a rather disgusting one. Moreover, the earlier books are written in a didactic tone; essentially they are argumentative treatises thrown into fictional form. But *The Holy Terror*, like the best of Well's earlier novels, is warm and juicy with human life.

Rud Whitlow, a resentful young man, frustrated and embittered, and by temperament inclined to hate all existing institutions, rises step by step to world dictatorship. His first step is on the purple-shirted back of the British Fascist, Horatio Bohun, a caricature of Oswald Mosley, a man described as "so completely destitute of ideas that he had no idea that he had no ideas." He captures Bohun's "Popular Socialist movement" and transforms it into a "Party of the Common Man," discarding, along with the purple shirts, Bohun's anti-semitism and secret-society mumbo-jumbo.

Around Rud Whitlow gathers a group of men, often individually wiser and better than their chief, sharing his dream of world unity, but lacking the dynamic drive which makes him the leader. The world passes through its well-labeled decades of the "Fatuous Twenties, the Frightened Thirties, and the Brigand Forties," increasingly misguided by an outdated nationalist diplomacy, until it breaks at last into "the Second War to End War." Marshal Reedly, chief of the forces of the democratic nations, tries to double-cross Rud and his Group, in order to make himself a military dictator of the old-fashioned sort. Rud simply drops a bomb on him, and that is that. With the title of Master World Director, Rud rules the planet. He rational-

izes his position in much the same way that the current Communist dictators of the "peoples' democracies" do today. "A crude return to electoral politics," he states, "would give every mischievous rascal in the world an opportunity, and it would revitalise all the national, religious, racial organizations . . . We will assume we have been elected and we will decree."

While other members of the Group are using this self-asserted authority to untangle all the knots from existing human institutions, Rud concentrates more and more on personal power. He creates a secret service to spy out counter-revolution. He suspects his best friends. He resents every suggestion that his work is done and that he should depersonalize the revolution. One man acutely comments, "I think at times that he is master of the world today simply because he has a frantic fear of power—in the hands of anyone else." The tragedy culminates in Rud's attempt to stamp out Christianity and Judaism by persecution. The world is "confronted with the problem of the liberator become tyrant." Rud's own physician calmly poisons him and thus frees mankind from the tyranny of the man who united it; "I killed him," says the doctor, "to save what he had done."

Wells' attitude towards dictatorship is thus curiously ambivalent. On the one hand, nobody ever hated more the posturing, romantic, warmongering "men on horseback" who represent the common variety of dictator. On the other hand, he agreed with Thomas Carlyle and Bernard Shaw that the average man has very little sense, and the privileged classes have, if possible, still less. With both traditional aristocracy and doctrinaire democracy ruled out, there is a certain temptation to call in the Strong Man—even if he has to be liquidated afterward! As one of his characters put the matter, "After the democracies, the demagogues who become dictators, and after them a World

Civil Service . . . Waiting for the time when the dictators dwindle and the roughs relax . . . For the life of me, I don't see what else there is to do now. If you fight them now you'll only fight for the old system." In other words, Caesar Borgia is to clear the way for Plato's Guardians.

Here, I think we touch on a main fallacy in Wells' argument. Suppose that the "Balkan Fox" had won out in *The World Set Free*? Suppose that Arden Essenden in *The Shape of Things to Come*, instead of quietly taking the lethal tablet forced on him by his associates, had turned the tables and made the Air Dictatorship a personal one? Suppose that Marshal Reedly had sprung his attempted *coup d'état* a little earlier and planned it a little better in *The Holy Terror*, or that Rud himself had suspected his physician as he suspected all his other associates? In any of these cases, we should have had a Napoleonic régime instead of a Wellsian Utopia. Being an author, Wells could give his stories a happy ending if he wished. But when force and violence take the place of democratic methods the historian cannot, like a novelist, be sure of any happy ending whatsoever.

Garden with Cat and Guitar

CHARLES BURGESS

No wolf that crouches in the waste
Of Scythia, no serpent in accomplice tree
By Amazon or Malay Sea,
No creature is by night or day
In desert or in shaded place
Who hunts with purpose single as that denizen
Of walk and wall and well trained lawn,
Erstwhile so gentle, good gray Tom.

Vain now are all dissuading cries,
Those even of his good mistress,
To call from that obedient grass
This wild beast stripped of his disguise
At flash of song and feather bright.
For nothing turns him from his prey,
No tender morsel offered may
Nor even that once treasured play

Of ball and string, that which he shared
So eagerly, so tender to his mistress' touch.
Then love arose in him so much
He brushed with never-ending care
With his rough tongue her shining hair.
Now no one shares in thought or deed
With him who charms these birds un-treed
Subserving his primeval need.

Not even I who just as singly in my purpose lay
These tender strings across my knees
Beneath my garden's bird-filled trees,
The elements to sway,
Till moving fingers close out day
Till, plectrum golden in the Sun,
All birdsong's done
All songbirds caught

—Charmed every one . . .

Two Portraits of a Lady

REBECCA PATTERSON

MOST READERS of Henry James' *Madame de Mauves* appear to have taken it, in the words of one of its characters, as "the miserable story of an American girl, born to be neither a slave nor a toy, marrying a profligate Frenchman, who believes that a woman must be one or the other." The accuracy of this interpretation might be debated. Of deeper interest, however, is a strong resemblance to a later and better known work, James' *Portrait of a Lady*, for which *Madame de Mauves* might have served as a first draft or rough sketch. Analysis of the latter will make the resemblance clear and will also, it is hoped, show how each work helps explain the other, opening the way to a reinterpretation of both.

I

We first see Euphemia de Mauves (and, with the exception of the second chapter, we consistently see her) through the eyes of an idealistic young American traveler, Longmore. During an afternoon stroll in St. Germain the young man is presented to Madame de Mauves by a fellow traveler, Mrs. Draper, who tells him privately that her friend is unhappy. "Edified by his six months in Paris," Longmore is ready to believe her. "What else is possible," he asks himself, "for a sweet American girl who marries an unclean Frenchman?" His prejudices are bolstered by a letter from Mrs. Draper conveying the "miserable story." M. de Mauves is a shallow rascal who cares for nothing but his wife's money. On her side, Euphemia has been guilty of romantic willfulness, of thinking her fellow Americans vulgar; but, as Mrs. Draper forthrightly asserts, "The silli-

est American woman is too good for the best foreigner, and the poorest of us have moral needs a Frenchman can't appreciate." She urges Longmore to "console an unhappy wife" and prove to her that an American "may mingle admiration and respect better than a French husband." Dangerous counsel, one would think, even though Mrs. Draper considers Longmore too passive and puritanic to involve himself deeply; and dangerous counsel it proves to be.

In the second chapter we are momentarily freed from the constraint of Longmore's limited point of view. Here James sketches Euphemia's background. The young girl has been a pupil in a Parisian convent, virtually abandoned by a widowed mother who is fonder of fashionable watering places than of a growing daughter. In the convent Euphemia dreams of marrying a title. She has "a romantic belief that the best birth is the guaranty of an ideal delicacy of feeling," and although she is not completely ignorant of the world, she finds it "easier to believe in fables . . . than in well-attested but sordid facts." Her chosen suitor is to be of noble blood, plain rather than handsome, poor but "delicately proud." When he has shown his subservience to her, she will dower him with her wealth, which he will accept protestingly.

In the convent Euphemia has a friend of noble family, Marie de Mauves—"very positive, very shrewd, very ironical, very French—everything that Euphemia felt herself unpardonable in not being." Having made free with Euphemia's expensive wardrobe, Mademoiselle de Mauves decides to appropriate the friend too and marry her off to an impecunious older brother. An elderly grandmother, who alone shows any qualms about the transaction, attempts to frighten Euphemia out of her dangerous romanticism, but the young girl has ears for no one except the Baron. He is, to all appearances, the hero of her dreams—handsomer than she had stipulated, but suitably poor, of

the best blood, and only a little more than twice her own age.

The Baron is attracted to the frank, fearless young American. A word, a look from her, gives him an odd sense of bashfulness. He finds himself in love and enjoys the feeling. He is very fond of music, and his present sensations remind him of the finest music he has ever heard. Reluctantly he consents to a postponement of the marriage, and although he amuses himself during the two-year period of waiting imposed by Euphemia's mother, he appears to expect more satisfaction from his young wife than the relief of his financial embarrassments. When Longmore enters the story, the couple have been married three years, and any tentative rapport that may have existed between them is gone.

Their rupture is a vexatious riddle to Longmore. M. de Mauves is perfectly polite, urbane, deferential to his wife in spite of the difficulties she has imposed. At times Longmore is almost persuaded, "against his finer judgment," that the Baron is "really the most considerate of husbands, and that his wife like[s] melancholy for melancholy's sake." (But not suffering, it should be noted. "I hate tragedy," Madame de Mauves tells Longmore. "I have a really pusillanimous dread of moral suffering. I believe that—without base concessions—there is always some way of escaping from it.")

She treats her husband's friends and amusements with frigid politeness and has recently taken a fancy for complete solitude, spending her days in a "terrible brown fog" of English books which the Baron considers of doubtful soundness for young married women. Shortly after their marriage (he confides to Longmore), "Madame de Mauves undertook to read me one day a certain Wordsworth—a poet highly esteemed, it appears, *chez vous*. It seemed to me she took me by the nape of the neck and

forced my head for half an hour over a basin of *soupe aux choux*, and that one ought to ventilate the drawing-room before any one called. . . . I think my wife never forgave me, and that it was a real shock to her to find that she had married a man who had very much the same taste in literature as in cookery."

Except for the second chapter with its unsentimental sketch of the romantic, egocentric schoolgirl, it must be remembered that we see Euphemia through the lovesick eyes of Longmore, and he is by no means an impartial witness of this matrimonial duel. Of course the Baron is not the hero of convent dreams. Middle-aged, steeped in his own culture, he expects his young wife to conform to the manners of his people; she expects him to live up to a schoolgirl ideal, not altogether American (her countrymen are vulgar), but somewhat on the order of courtly love obeisance, which she will reward with her money. Neither of them will or can make concessions to the other, and the resulting impasse troubles M. de Mauves as well as Euphemia. Even Longmore is aware that the wife's studied melancholy punishes her husband. He is aware too that Euphemia's extravagant idealism would strain the noblest, most heroic of men, let alone her imperfect husband; yet his ardent aspiration to step into the Baron's shoes keeps him from drawing the proper conclusions respecting his own good fortune. Not surprisingly, the Baron has drifted into a liaison with another woman. Such evidence as there is suggests that it is his first infidelity. The couple have been married only a short while, and Euphemia's outrage when she discovers his unfaithfulness is much too fresh and violent for anything except the first such discovery. As for her previous coldness, the only explanation James allows us is just that conflict of cultures hinted at by M. de Mauves.

Longmore suspects M. de Mauves of abetting his own attempts to console Euphemia, but he is nevertheless quit-

ting the field, reluctantly though without hope, when he surprises the Baron with his mistress. Returning at once to St. Germain, he offers his help to the betrayed wife, who has made the discovery almost at the same time. A frustrating interview with Euphemia is followed by a more explicit interview with the Baron's sister Marie, now the widowed Madame Clairin, who alludes to a frightful scene between her brother and his wife. In the best modern manner she observes of her sister-in-law: "When a woman with her prettiness lets her husband wander, she deserves her fate." She further confuses Longmore by assuring him that the Baron expects him to take full advantage of the situation by capping one infidelity with another. Longmore wanders off into the forest, where he sees a happy artist with his devoted mistress, and the encounter suggests to him that "in the unperverted reality of things . . . the part of wisdom is to grasp at experience, lest you miss it altogether." In a dream he crosses and recrosses a river in order to reach Euphemia, but she eludes him by reappearing on the side he has just quitted.

The dream is prophetic. Returning to Euphemia's house, he puts his case as strongly as his "lurking principle of asceticism" permits, only to discover that Euphemia has arranged an ideal standard of conduct for him to live up to. She sends him away with the promise of her "strong friendship." As the young man takes his departure, M. de Mauves, who has expected both Euphemia and Longmore to press their advantage over him, looks on in profound amazement. He admits that he does not understand his wife. Nevertheless, the storm of tears and reproaches that he has endured overnight, together with the dismissal of Longmore, seemingly inspires him with the hope of reaching an understanding. It is the first rift in her cold politeness toward him, and he appears to take it as a sign that she does after all love him. Longmore is scarcely out of

sight before M. de Mauves breaks with his mistress and begins the task of wooing his wife.

Meanwhile Longmore rises to such a new flight of idealism that Euphemia's words no longer seem "a mere bribe to his ardor." So charged, he returns to America and devotes two years of adoration to a sacred image. Then Mrs. Draper reappears with a startling conclusion to the story: A young Frenchman of her acquaintance has described Euphemia as "the charming little woman who killed her husband." According to Mrs. Draper's informant, M. de Mauves had been much shaken by his wife's behavior and had entreated her forgiveness. "He was the proudest man in France, but he had begged her on his knees to be readmitted to favor." Whatever his previous feelings had been, he was now deeply in love with her, and all to no avail. "She was stone, she was ice, she was outraged virtue." Giving up society and ceasing to care about anything, the Baron had ended by blowing out his brains. Mrs. Draper's acquaintance had had the story from the Baron's sister, Madame Clairin (whose husband, as we are told earlier in the story, had also blown out his brains rather than face an outraged wife).

Longmore's first impulse is to return to Europe. Euphemia is at last free and clearly in need of consolation. But time passes and he never goes. Indeed, when he now thinks of Madame de Mauves, he is "conscious of a singular feeling—a feeling for which awe would be hardly too strong a name."

II

Madame de Mauves is to *Portrait of a Lady* as a sketch, or caricature, to a salon portrait. The same features appear in the heroines of both works; the bony structure, we might say, is the same. Like Euphemia de Mauves, Isabel Archer grows up without the experience of a warm, stable family life. Like Euphemia, she is romantic, egocentric, wilful, so

afraid of suffering that in her effort to avoid it she goes headlong into terrible suffering. She too finds her countrymen vulgar and seeks in marriage "an ideal delicacy of feeling." Again, like Euphemia, she comes under the influence of a sophisticated woman friend, Madame Merle, who, for reasons not disclosed until the final chapters, marries her off to a middleaged fortune hunter, Gilbert Osmond. Finally, like Euphemia, Isabel clings to her bad marriage and closes all avenues of escape. *Portrait of a Lady* appears to be an ampler, more considered reworking of the themes of *Madame de Mauves*, with a deepening of the background and of the characterization which explains much that in the earlier work seems accidental or mystifying.

It might be pure chance, for example, that Euphemia marries a man twice her own age; but the background is carefully laid for Isabel's choice of a husband old enough to be her father. Euphemia's admiration of Marie de Mauves is lightly handled and soon abandoned; Isabel's infatuation with Madame Merle is developed in depth and has important consequences. A third example might be noted in the treatment the two young women mete out to their lovers. Longmore, of course, is hardly more than a naive schoolboy. That Euphemia would send him away, after encouraging him until he becomes dangerous to her, is understandable on the basis of his own immature character; but if we are to suppose that she is still in love with her husband, then we are troubled to explain her icy rejection of that husband now genuinely in love with her. Henry James suggests, though slyly, that Euphemia's punishment of M. de Mauves is hardly to be reckoned among her virtues; still the ending is so huddled (and reported, moreover, at second or third hand) that we can never be completely sure of any one's motives. There is no such perplexity in *Portrait of a Lady*. Over and over James

weaves into the fabric of the story a new encounter between Isabel and her American lover, Casper Goodwood, until at last we cannot fail to understand why she refuses him.

In *Portrait of a Lady* we appear to see the heroine from almost as many points of view as there are characters. The truth is that we spend most of our time inside the mind of Isabel Archer, and she is a partial witness. The largest exception to this limited point of view occurs in the early chapters, where, as in *Madame de Mauves*, James steps outside his characters and gives the reader a candid look at them. Isabel, he says, has "an unquenchable desire to think well of herself" and "a general idea that people were right when they treated her as if she were rather superior." He speaks of "her meagre knowledge, her inflated ideals, her confidence at once innocent and dogmatic, her temper at once exacting and indulgent," and adds that "she would be an easy victim of scientific criticism." Her friend Henrietta Stackpole, who loves her without blindness, says warningly:

"You're too fastidious; you've too many graceful illusions. Your newly-acquired thousands will shut you up more and more to the society of a few selfish and heartless people who will be interested in keeping them up. . . . [Y]ou're too fond of admiration, you like to be thought well of. You think we can escape disagreeable duties by taking romantic views—that's your great illusion, my dear."

She is, in short, another Euphemia, and her demands on life are equally inflated. Even her cousin, Ralph Touchett, whose love for her leads him into the most egregious mistakes, notes that she is "extremely interesting" to herself. He draws from her an admission that she fears suffering and thinks people in general "suffer too easily." "It's not absolutely necessary to suffer," she assures him; "we were not made for that."

Youngest of three motherless sisters, Isabel has enjoyed the haphazard care of a father with taking ways ("he was always taking something"), who squanders a fortune, gam-

bles, neglects his children for months at a time, then indulges them lavishly—at the expense of others, it would appear. His youngest daughter, who is his favorite, is happily blind to the faults of her “handsome, much-loved father”:

It was a great felicity to have been his daughter; Isabel rose even to pride in her parentage. Since his death she had seemed to see him as turning his braver side to his children and as not having managed to ignore the ugly quite so much in practice as in aspiration. But this only made her tenderness for him greater; it was scarcely even painful to have to suppose him too generous, too good-natured, too indifferent to sordid considerations.

This passage clearly foreshadows both Isabel's childlike dependence on the middleaged Gilbert Osmond (“Mr. Osmond makes no mistakes! He knows everything, he understands everything, he has the kindest, gentlest, highest spirit”) and the “maternal strain” in her attitude toward him. With her newly acquired wealth she will liberate Mr. Archer's substitute from “sordid considerations.” Osmond is a man “who has borne his poverty with such dignity, with such indifference. [He] has never scrambled nor struggled—he has cared for no worldly prize.” She would like to kneel at the grave of Ralph Touchett's father, who, she believes, is responsible for leaving her the fortune which she offers to Gilbert Osmond. Actually it is Ralph who has enriched her, but the humiliation of this discovery is reserved to the end.

Money has a symbolic role in Isabel's relationship with Osmond. She wishes to lavish wealth on him, to make him dependent on her—in other words, to give him money as if it were love—and when she imagines herself in love with him and dreads the act of self-surrender, she thinks of love as if it were money:

What made her dread great was precisely the force which, as it would seem, ought to have banished all dread—the sense of something within herself, deep down, that she supposed to be inspired and trustful passion. It was there like a large sum stored in a bank—which there was a terror in having to spend.

After her disillusionment sets in she wonders whether she was ever in love with him, whether she had not married him "to do something finely appreciable with her money," although she quickly tells herself that this was "only half the story." Much later she is driven to asking herself whether Osmond would be willing to take the money and let her escape.

She is mistaken, however, in supposing that Osmond cares only for her money. He has been as blindly determined as she to take over and appropriate another person, and both have mistaken their egocentric demands for love. Osmond's sister, the Countess Gemini, says of him: "He can't love anyone." With some qualifications this statement might apply to Isabel too. She has correctly, if unconsciously, divined that Osmond has little sexual passion, and this constitutes one of his major attractions for her. (There is perhaps a suggestion in Chapter XLI that they are no longer living together as husband and wife. Isabel excuses herself for days of silence on an important matter by saying: "You know how we live. I've taken the first chance that has offered.") Her only real mistake about her husband has been in expecting the indulgence of a second Mr. Archer. Osmond is indeed a father, but he is the father of Pansy, the little daughter whom he has shaped as in a mold.

Nineteen-year-old Pansy is in love with young Edward Rosier, a suitable husband for the doll-like Pansy and, besides, deeply and generously in love with her, but neither rich nor important enough to please Osmond. All this is known to Isabel; yet when one of her own former suitors, Lord Warburton, shows interest in the young girl, Isabel resolves to further his courtship. This betrayal of Pansy she rationalizes as her "duty," as acting "the part of a good wife." "It was astonishing what happiness she could still find in the idea of procuring a pleasure for her husband." A pity about Edward Rosier, of course; "very tiresome"

that she should be so well informed about their love for each other. And this unlucky recollection, followed by a disagreeable scene with Osmond, does blight her enthusiasm. She spends troubled hours of introspection, "trying to persuade herself that there was no reason why Pansy shouldn't be married as you would put a letter in the post-office."

Three nights later Isabel goes so far as to hint to Lord Warburton that he may be deceived about his interest in Pansy, although rather equivocally she concludes by urging him to send Osmond his letter of proposal. Still vacillating, she asks her cousin Ralph Touchett whether his friend Warburton really cares for Pansy. Ralph assures her that Warburton is very much in love—with Isabel herself. He is afraid, he tells her, that Osmond may accuse her of maneuvering to keep Warburton for herself out of jealousy toward her stepdaughter. This information has a disastrous effect upon Isabel. It is not physical fear that motivates her, or even much concern about Osmond's anger, but rather, it would seem, a morbid dread that this particular criticism would besmirch her. If she can persuade Pansy to accept Warburton, there will be no occasion for scandalous gossip. That night she abandons her neutrality and, in a manner that James describes as cold, urges Pansy to "encourage" her noble suitor. Her behavior is rendered even less attractive by Pansy's confiding at the outset, "I think I should like your advice better than papa's."

"Your father would like you to make a better marriage," said Isabel. "Mr. Rosier's fortune is not at all large."

"How do you mean better—if that would be good enough? And I have myself so little money; why should I look for a fortune?"

"Your having so little is a reason for looking for more." With which Isabel was grateful for the dimness of the room; she felt as if her face were hideously insincere. It was what she was doing for Osmond; it was what one had to do for Osmond.

We may wonder that Pansy should retain any trust in her stepmother or any affection for her. Of course Isabel is the least of the evils surrounding the poor girl, who loves

even her machiavellian father, and the scene ends with Isabel completely routed by Pansy's serene confidence in the decency of Warburton!

As it happens, Pansy is right about Warburton, who withdraws from a courtship in which his heart has never been engaged. Unluckily the girl's ordeal has only begun. Her father, as the girl herself makes abundantly clear, breaks her will by returning her to the convent school. No longer is there any hope that she will escape into marriage with Rosier or that Isabel can be anything except a passive bystander at some future sacrifice—if indeed she does not help light the bonfire. Late in the day Isabel discovers that Pansy is not the daughter of Osmond's first wife but his illegitimate child by Madame Merle, and she uses this information to expel an evil genius not only from Pansy's life but also from her own, which has been too long troubled by Serena Merle. It is her one achievement, and though it augurs no success in her struggle with Osmond, who is tired of his former mistress, it makes the atmosphere a trifle cleaner.

Isabel's initial impression of Serena Merle is tinged with schoolgirl romanticism. The utterance of a French phrase suggests that Madame Merle is an interesting Frenchwoman; better information makes her a still more interesting American expatriate. If Madame Merle commends her, Isabel receives the praise "as a young soldier, still panting from a slight skirmish in which he has come off with honour, might receive a pat on the shoulder from his colonel." The "talents, accomplishments, aptitudes" of the new acquaintance inspire Isabel with an envy as admiring as it is hopeless. This opulent woman knows everything and can do everything. Of painting she is "devotedly fond" and she makes "no more of brushing in a sketch than of pulling off her gloves." She is "a brave musician," a prodigious letter writer to a host of devoted friends, an

agile and inventive needlewoman—in Isabel's eyes, "the most comfortable, profitable, amenable person to live with." The young girl begins to feel herself, "as the phrase is, under an influence." In short, the forty-year-old woman within the space of a few days makes greater advances into the feelings of the young girl than do any of the suitors now buzzing around her head. Upon Madame Merle's departure, "Isabel kissed her, and, though some women kiss with facility, there are kisses and kisses, and this embrace was satisfactory to Madame Merle."

When they meet again some weeks later Serena Merle is armed with the knowledge that Daniel Touchett (at the prompting of his son Ralph, as Madame Merle is clever enough to guess) has left Isabel a fortune. It is on this occasion that she kisses Isabel "as if she were returning the kiss she had received from her at Gardencourt." Already she is determining to marry Isabel to her old lover in order that her daughter Pansy may benefit from this new wealth. Six months after Mr. Touchett's death she is able to bring about a meeting between Isabel and Osmond. Here she proves herself a masterly campaigner, rousing Osmond from his indolence, adroitly praising him to Isabel, and at the same time quieting Isabel's aunt, Mrs. Touchett, with a promise to work against the match. The sacrifice of her friend and hostess of many years, once that outraged lady learns of the engagement, is a price lightly paid for the securing of a dowry to Pansy Osmond. Blindly committed to Madame Merle's views, Isabel is not even displeased that all her real friends are opposed to her marriage with Osmond. Their disapproval convinces her that she is acting with real independence. For some months longer she finds no reason to regret and is only surprised that her new husband has so little enthusiasm for his old friend and benefactor. Meanwhile Serena Merle tactfully effaces herself. When she re-enters the Osmonds' circle, the glamor

has worn thinner, but Isabel does not break off their friendship until Serena, in a freak of viciousness, throws in her face the facts of her marriage. From the Countess Gemini Isabel next learns that Pansy is Madame Merle's child, and the rupture is complete.

III

Although Isabel is indebted to Serena Merle for this particular Gilbert Osmond, it seems probable that she would have found her own in time. Her persistent rejection of the more eligible men in her circle is evidence that she would be satisfied with nothing else. As if fearing that this point might be missed, James gives her chance after chance to marry well or better or best, and she flees them all. It is true that she never takes her cousin Ralph seriously enough to be afraid of him, and his ill health restrains him from declaring his attachment. On his deathbed, when he can express his love openly, her "Oh my brother" sums up her feeling for him.

Isabel herself has an occasional troubled glimpse into her difficulties. At times she almost recognizes her own egoism and prudery. With respect to marriage, we are told,

she held that a woman ought to be able to live to herself, in the absence of exceptional flimsiness, and that it was perfectly possible to be happy without the society of a more or less coarse-minded person of another sex. . . . Few of the men she saw seemed worth a ruinous expenditure, and it made her smile to think that one of them should present himself as an incentive to hope and a reward of patience. . . . [Although she believed herself capable of passionate love], this image, on the whole, was too formidable to be attractive.

The suspicion that Lord Warburton is about to propose leaves her shocked, chilled, and fearful. At the time of his actual proposal she has just received notice of the arrival of Caspar Goodwood, and she is able, in her mind, to play off one suitor against the other—without conceding anything of herself to either. Nevertheless, her rejection of

Warburton leaves her fearful that she is "a cold, hard, priggish person."

Goodwood is the most promising of her suitors, the one man for whom she has any real respect. Indeed his only flaw would seem to be his persistent courtship of her, from which a suspicion must arise that he has been so accustomed to dealing successfully with his business that he cannot accept failure with Isabel. Apparently she has given him enough encouragement to attach him; except for her aunt Touchett's dazzling offer of a trip to Europe, she might even have married him. He expresses for her an energy, a power, that she finds in none of her other suitors.

It was in no degree a matter of his "advantages"—it was a matter of the spirit that sat in his clear-burning eyes like some tireless watcher at a window. . . . Sometimes [he] had seemed to range himself on the side of her destiny, to be the stubbornest fact she knew; she said to herself at such moments that she might evade him for a time, but that she must make terms with him at last—terms which would be certain to be favourable to himself.

She imagines him riding, "on a plunging steed, the whirlwind of a great war," or she sees him as a knight in armor, his eyes shining at her "through the vizard of a helmet." Contending against these influences, she tells herself that his jaw is "too square and set and his figure too straight and stiff," that his clothes look "rather too new" and "drearily usual." And she rather despises than admires his business abilities, although she likes to think of him as a leader of men. But when she reflects that the fashionable attire and easy charm of Lord Warburton please her no better, she can only admit that it is "remarkably strange."

Following the agitated scene in which she rejects Goodwood a second time, she goes to her room and falls on her knees beside the bed:

She was not praying; she was trembling—trembling all over. . . . She intensely rejoiced that Caspar Goodwood was gone; there was something in having thus got rid of him that was like the payment, for a stamped receipt, of some debt too long on her mind. As she felt the glad relief, she bowed her head a little

lower; the sense was there, throbbing in her heart; it was part of her emotion, but it was a thing to be ashamed of—it was profane and out of place. . . . [Part of her trembling] was to be accounted for by her long discussion with Mr. Goodwood, but it might be feared that the rest was simply the enjoyment she found in the exercise of her power.

In thinking herself rid of her "debt," however, she is as deceived as in everything else. Caspar is the first person to whom she writes to announce her engagement, and when he once more makes a long difficult journey to see her, she waits angrily for his remonstrances and is angrier still at his self-control. She has wanted his visit to be short, yet when he seems to be going, she feels "a sudden horror of his leaving her without uttering a word that would give her an opportunity to defend herself." He represents to her the only serious harm she has ever done to another, "the only person with an unsatisfied claim on her." After his departure she bursts into tears of rage.

During the first year of her marriage she can almost forget him, although, when his memory recurs, she is persuaded of his unhappiness: How can his cotton-factory compensate him "for having failed to marry Isabel Archer?" The darkening of her happiness makes her think persistently of Caspar, ask her sister for news of him, even consider writing to him. Not that she can even yet imagine a marriage with him; he is simply "a member of that circle of things with which she wished to set herself right. . . . It came back to her from time to time that there was an account still to be settled with Caspar, and she saw herself disposed or able to settle it to-day on terms easier for him than ever before."

This settling of accounts, so long anticipated, is of course the recognition scene. It has been prepared thoroughly and with precision and is indeed inevitable. Perhaps Isabel never sees the whole truth, although her reactions indicate that she comes close to doing so; but the reader, unless he

takes refuge in sentimental evasion, should understand her at last.

Her marriage is a failure. Osmond does not love her, and so far from being disinterested, he has married her largely in order that he may shine in society with her money. She clings longest to a belief in his "beautiful mind," only to learn from the Countess Gemini that Madame Merle thought too poorly of his intelligence to marry him. It is time to leave him, and a message from her dying cousin gives her the opportunity.

Caspar Goodwood is in attendance on Ralph, and after the latter's death he tells her that Ralph has entrusted her welfare to him. Why should she return to her husband—why "go through that ghastly form?"

"To get away from *you!*" she answered. But this expressed only a little of what she felt. The rest was that she had never been loved before. She had believed it, but this was different; this was the hot wind of the desert, at the approach of which the others dropped dead, like mere sweet airs of the garden. It wrapped her about; it lifted her off her feet, while the very taste of it, as of something potent, acrid and strange, forced open her set teeth.

As he quietly presents his arguments, Isabel gives "a long murmur, like a creature in pain; it was as if he were pressing something that hurt her." "Do me the greatest kindness of all," she pants out. "I beseech you to go away!" For answer he kisses her, and she has the half-pleasant, wholly frightening sensation of drowning. As soon as she can free herself, she darts from the spot, and the next morning she sets out on the return journey to her husband.

IV

A favorite theme with James is the narcissism of the person who is afraid to love, who is unable to give himself, to form any close relation with another human being. How much he may have derived from a close study of himself is not in question here, but it is obvious that he knows his subject intimately. In *Madame de Mauves* he gives this

theme satiric treatment. Any other reading requires us to believe that so cosmopolitan, experienced, and intelligent a person as James believed that all Frenchmen are unclean and the silliest American woman is too good for the best of them. Longmore believes it, but then Longmore is a naive, inexperienced youth, "edified" (the satire is broad) "by his six months in Paris." His name is characterizing, as is the name Euphemia de Mauves with its suggestion of pale colors and delicate avoidance of "sordid facts."

It is not the callow Longmore, however, who tests Euphemia's ability to love; it is her husband. The poor Baron is rather hustled off the stage just as he is about to be given a better role. We never see him as the passionate lover of his wife, but we cannot doubt that he dies—and dies as a result of her coldness. Nor is it any accident that both Marie Clairin and Euphemia de Mauves "kill" their husbands. We are intended to discover the resemblance. Any lingering doubt as to how we should interpret Euphemia appears to be settled by Longmore's behavior. He has obviously come to some conclusion, and the conclusion would seem to be that Euphemia de Mauves is much too good for him—or indeed for any man.

Isabel Archer is a tragic study and only incidentally a satire. She has admirable qualities, although rather fewer, when we set out to find them, than we had supposed from our general impression of the novel. When she mentions her promise to Pansy as a reason for returning to her husband, we remember the something sinister in her earlier treatment of the girl and are not sure that Pansy will benefit by her stepmother's presence. Isabel's attitude toward Rosier, who seems a harmless young man and a devoted lover, borders on the viciously cynical. Reflecting that he has sold almost his entire collection of art objects in the hope of being rich enough to please Osmond, Isabel thinks it "well that Mr. Edward Rosier had kept his enamels!"

And a little later: "Yes; it was very well that Edward Rosier had reserved a few articles!"

It is difficult to see any better future for Isabel. There is little likelihood that Osmond will ever fall desperately in love with her and blow out his brains. To be sure, her dying cousin says: "I don't believe that such a generous mistake as yours can hurt you for more than a little." But poor Ralph has been sadly mistaken about Isabel in the past, he now feels guiltily responsible for giving her the fortune that attracts Osmond, and he makes this statement in the expectation that Goodwood, whom he has begged to look after her, will be able to effect a change. To avoid such a misconception, James added to the completed novel three sentences which rule out any hope of a happy ending for Goodwood and Isabel.

It should now be growing clear that Isabel and Osmond are suited to each other. He will never demand what she has demonstrated to Caspar she cannot give. Her suffering will grow quieter and steadier until it is no longer felt as suffering. The real suffering would have been the uprooting of her neuroticism and the change in her character required for a union with Caspar. Isabel has only to become a little colder and more cynical, and she will be a match for Osmond. She has, after all, the money; in time it will occur to her that it is a weapon.

Green Space

CHARLES BURGESS

Each noon the Sun from full ascent upon the earth
Green filigree wind-livened lays,
As clustered the wings of soaring birds
Might imaged, instant-caught from flight,
Be changeless held a space of time;
Yet changeless is changing, day by day,
In long declive calendral Sun,
Each day now moving into day,
Each week on umbrous week,
Days spent wisely and at play—at dreams.

But if you take my offered hand and come
With me into this long-slow-moving shade, then leaves
And branches overhead, of Sun,
Of light-years burning off in space,
Will intercept one private place.

Where you and I, alone in the weeds
And wild grasses, beneath a Sun shining
And a sky nor which we see,
Will talk on unaware of any word
Or meaning even to our speech as bird

The sorrow of his song. Then I shall sing
Your face, your hands, the simple moisture of your
Hair, sing how those leafy patterns grace, liquid
In loveliness, your back, and no thought
Give those ages, lives and hours gone
That time in concord come to place
The two of us in our green space . . .

The Darwinian Synthesis

DAVID G. BARRY

EDITORS' NOTE: This is the concluding half of Professor Barry's article, "The Mosaic Heritage of Charles Darwin," which appeared in the April, 1960 issue of *THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY*. A bibliographical note discussing the basic materials for both parts of his paper appears at the end of this installment.

THE WORLD which Charles Robert Darwin entered in 1809 was one that lacked a concept of universal change; it saw few differences in its past, and it looked forward to none in its future. Of the different views on the apparently static character of nature, none was certain enough to dominate. No leader existed who could draw together the streams of thought that were descendant from the past, and give them common pattern and new direction. Darwin would eventually become such a leader, but the world would not hear of him for half a century.

Charles was born in the family home on the Severn River near Shrewsbury, England, the son of Robert Waring Darwin, physician, in February, 1809. His mother Sussanna Wedgwood, was in constant ill health and stayed close to home. She kept a garden and many pets, all of which helped to set Charles' interests early in life. His mother died when he was eight years old (1817). In the following year, he entered the Shrewsbury Grammar School. He did not show himself to be an impressive student in the classical subjects, or in any other venture of the mind—save for his nature "collections" which he had begun early in life.

Natural history was a tradition in his family. Grandfather Erasmus, also a physician, had written his views on nature in the eighteenth century. On the question of "continuity" he had said, "would it be too bold to imagine that all warm-blooded animals have arisen from a living

filament which the great First Cause endues with animality, with the power of acquiring new parts, attended with new propensities, directed by irritations, sensations, volitions and associations; and thus possessing the faculty of continuing to improve by its own inherent activity and of delivering down those improvements by generation to its posterity, world without end?" Grandfather Darwin was on the fringe of acceptability in his own time. His work in poetic form temporarily attracted wide interest but (according to Garret Hardin) lost popular appeal as a result of the rise of fundamental protestantism and with it the literal interpretation of the Bible.

Early in life, Charles Darwin followed the family tradition and became a collector of rocks, birds' eggs, and growing things. There was reason greater than family tradition for his interest in nature. By his own word, he learned the works of Archdeacon William Paley almost by heart. Paley's most famous work was entitled, *Natural Theology, or Evidences of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity collected from the Appearances of Nature*. Paley set forth cogent arguments that "design in nature" (as seen in the adaptations of living organisms) necessitated the existence of the "Designer." His extensive analysis of the evidence of design in the human body still stands as a monumental extension of a basic assumption.

Paley in his *Theology* differed from St. Augustine of Hippo who much earlier had described a homocentric universe, one in which all adaptations in nature were designed for the "good of man" (no matter how obscure the "good" of poisonous creatures might be). St. Augustine admitted that there were many things in nature too obscure for man to "know" and called for faith in the "goodness of nature." In contrast, Paley stated the basic assumption that the adaptations of the different creatures are designed for the "good" of the individual creature—but not necessarily for

the "good of man": Hardin states "Paley's Principle" as follows, "No species can evolve any structure or function that is exclusively for the benefit of another species." Most important, for Paley, man could know the handiwork of the Great Designer through knowledge of the structure and function of the many and magnificent adaptations he saw before him in nature. Paley placed man as a humble creature among creatures, with the responsibility of knowing his Creator through a seeking in knowledge of nature.

St. Augustine, with humble resignation to the "unknown" and perhaps "unknowable good," turned men away from direct question and study of nature. William Paley, also in humility, said man could know the differently defined "good" in nature and, yes, man could know the Great Designer best by thorough knowledge of the awe-inspiring Design which surrounds him in all things, and which magnificence of design is a characteristic of man himself. We can agree with Hardin that Paley made naturalists of men, and Charles Darwin was one among many who followed him.

There was no other course for him to follow. His family sent him to the University of Edinburgh for the study of medicine. There was, however, neither aptitude nor interest in him for medicine. He sought to avoid it and pursued his individual interests in natural history by working with Dr. Grant and Dr. Jameson at Edinburgh. While at the University, he published several small papers on various subjects in natural history. From his father's point of view, Charles had failed at Edinburgh.

In 1828, he entered Christ's College at Cambridge with the family hope that he might become a clergyman in the Church of England. His interests in natural history were compatible with the Natural Theology of the time. At Cambridge, he came under several strong influences; the man Adam Sedgwick who acquainted him with strati-

graphic studies in geology which displayed the history of the earth in time; the Rev. John Henslow, the botanist, and his subsequent supporter. He read Alexander von Humboldt's *Personal Narrative* of his explorations with enthusiasm. He became aware of the *Vestiges of Creation* by Robert Chambers and read Sir John Herschel's *Natural Philosophy*. All these experiences increased Darwin's interest—he was as one with nature, with theology, and with William Paley. But he was not at all inclined toward the clergy.

The British Government was sending an expedition to Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego and on to survey the shores of Chile, Peru and some of the Pacific Islands. The purpose was to make time measurements around the world. There was a position open for a naturalist on board the ship *Beagle*. Captain Fitzroy contacted Henslow who in turn recommended Charles Darwin for the post. His father at first said no, but through pressure from Uncle Josiah Wedgwood, he was persuaded to allow Charles to accept the position. Robert Waring Darwin was not stingy about this; he simply could not see that this trip would lead toward any serious occupation.

Darwin took a degree from Cambridge in 1831 without honors and sailed away on the *Beagle* into what were to be five years of miserable seasickness and studies in natural history that would eventually change the world. Professor Henslow helped him plan his equipment and gave him a copy of Lyell's *Principles of Geology* with a footnote warning, "on no account to accept the views therein"—these views being the uniformitarian concepts that the earth had a history of formation by processes similar to those any man could see around him.

Darwin's interest in the romanticism of Von Humboldt and his desire for a religious participation in natural history prepared him for the wild conditions that he would see.

He was going forth into the world of the Creator to seek knowledge and understanding of the "fixed species" of the earth and to study its geological history. This was the least he could do in response to the magnificence of Creation. His journal entries show the emotion with which he received the sights and sounds of the jungles. They also tell of events that shocked him, and contain condemnations of slavery as an institution in human society. He was appalled at the savage societies of men in Tierra del Fuego. To him, they appeared to be like animals lacking in human social sense. He saw some that practiced cannibalism on the older individuals of the tribe who could no longer hunt.

The *Beagle* arrived at the southern portion of the east coast of South America in 1833. Its many stops en route had given Darwin opportunity to explore the major rivers, the forests, the mountains, and the grasslands of the continent. He had experienced earthquakes, and extremes of weather and climate that were representative of nearly all of the possible niches in which life could exist on earth—from the salt of the sea to the snow of the mountains.

Along this coast he collected the fossil bones of extinct species and noted that existing animals have a "close relationship in form with extinct species." He was now ready to suggest from the summation of all his experiences that perhaps variation in climate and in food, the introduction of enemies or the increased number of other species might be the cause of successions of races of creatures. It would seem clear that by this time a new concept of species was beginning to form; as entities that species change in time in relation to environments that were also in constant flux. This was a major and necessary step away from the fixed concept of species that has been his when he started on the voyage.

It was on the Galapagos Islands on the west coast of South America that the final precipitation of his developing

thought began to occur. These islands, isolated from the mainland, are also isolated from each other. Here he saw living forms of plant and animal life on the different islands that were more similar to those of neighboring islands than to the life on the mainland. It is here that he found the now famous Darwin finches, unique to this group of islands. On each of the islands there were slightly different forms of the same bird.

The experiences in the earlier part of the voyage through which he had become acquainted with the fact of change in time, now led him close to saying as we would today, that it was most reasonable to assume that these different creatures had a common ancestry and each species had become separated from the others in the passage of time. He found reptile groups on these islands that showed this same phenomenon of reproductive isolation with subsequent formation of slightly different types.

The *Beagle* continued on its way west to Tahiti, Australia, and Africa. It arrived in Falmouth, England, October 2, 1836. For five years Charles Darwin had been intensively studying in the laboratories of nature. He was now ready to settle down and complete the analysis of the data he had collected.

We may well ask what had the *Beagle* voyage done for him, and how was it a fortuitous opportunity? He was a well informed naturalist with a naturalist's habits of keen observation before he started. His religious views contributed greatly to his intense interest in nature. On the trip, other than when he was seasick, he was completely free to follow his personal interests. Not only this, but the nature of the men with whom he was traveling forced him into his own thoughts. He was, in effect, separated from all communication with other men around him. He was able to observe living things undisturbed by human contact and to observe their natural geographic relationships

to each other. Most important, he was lifted out of the routine of life in the pleasant English countryside and placed in all of the possible physical niches in the world in which living things could exist. He saw variety in place as well as variety in living form. His studies of the fossils and geology coupled with these other factors to develop the new concept of change in time, the needed dimension which would separate his thought from that of man of this earlier period.

It is safe to say that Darwin's life was relatively free from financial worry. His father left him enough money so that he did not have to work. His marriage to his cousin, Emma, in 1839, the daughter of Josiah Wedgewood, made the family very secure financially. This was a happy contract that gave them both a good life and fine children, and insured for him the opportunity to devote himself fully to his personal work. In the years immediately following the return of the *Beagle* he produced several papers on geology and gained the respect and friendship of Lyell. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of London in 1839.

In 1837, he wrote in his diary "In July, opened first notebook on 'transmutation of species'." Within his own mind, he pondered this question for several years before formulating his hypothesis. He recognized full well the revolutionary character of his thought in a period of widely accepted Natural Theology. In October, 1838, he read the "Essay on Population" by Thomas Robert Malthus and "being well prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on from long continued observation of the habits of animals and plants, it had once struck me that under these circumstances favorable variations would tend to be preserved, and unfavorable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species. Here then I had a theory by which to work."

He continued to ponder this question for five years and

then in 1844 laid out the first sketch of his theory of natural selection. He discussed it with Hooker and Lyell. They expressed their interest and encouraged him to publish. He continued to publish in geology and in animal classification studies. He was not ready to speak openly about his evolution theory. Realizing that it touched controversial areas that were fundamental in human thought, he wanted to collect more evidence before asking any editor to risk attack on his account.

In 1855, he wrote a letter to Alfred Russell Wallace to discuss a paper by the latter on the subject of species. Both men were willing to consider change in species. Wallace, too, had had opportunity to travel among oceanic islands and he, too, was considering the concept of species. Wallace, too, had read Malthus.

Lyell had warned Darwin that he had better publish or he would be "forestalled." Darwin started to write in 1857 and by his word was about half way through his theory when he received a letter from Wallace containing an essay entitled "*On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type*." In the letter Wallace asked Darwin to review this essay and send it on to Lyell for publication if he, Darwin, considered it to be worthy.

Darwin was astounded. The essay was almost an exact duplicate of the sketch on natural selection which he himself had constructed in 1844, discussed with Lyell and Hooker, and which he had been urged to publish. Darwin said that it could not have been better if Wallace had seen the 1844 sketch! He was now asked to pass on this and send it to Lyell!

Understandably, he was overwhelmed. Here was a major segment of his life "forestalled" just as Lyell had warned. Yet he moved to withdraw any claim of his own and instead offered his support to Wallace as author of the theory of evolution by natural selection. Hooker and

Lyell refused to allow this to happen. They appeared before the Linnean Society and stated the sequence of events in detail. They asked precedence for Darwin on the work and got it. Through their action, first public recognition of the theory of evolution by natural selection became his. Wallace did not protest but amiably stated that he was lucky to get in on the theory and happy to give honor to Darwin. Thus, Darwin was hurried into the publication of the *Origin of Species* by November, 1859. He apologized to all saying that it was only an abstract. The full text which he planned was never published.

Darwin set forth several major points in his theory of the origin of species by natural selection. He collected evidence from many sources to show that variations of small magnitude do occur in all populations. On this evidence, he postulated that those variations that contribute to the successful life and reproduction of an organism are the ones most likely to remain in the heredity of any one species. The process which results in the accumulation of these small but favorable variations in any species, he called natural selection. His statement that it was natural selection that brought about the origin of species was a logical deduction from the facts of the structures, the lives, and the habitats of the creatures that he had studied. There was no experimental evidence unless domestic selection could be so considered.

Darwin, like Malthus, had observed that death rates in natural populations were high. He extended the idea to show that the probability that an organism with favorable variations would continue to exist and reproduce its kind was greater than the probability of continued existence for a fellow of the same species whose variations did not enable him to fit well in his environment. He offered observational evidence to demonstrate that accumulations of many such incidents of small probability over long periods

of time was adequate to explain the differences between species. Large catastrophic changes were not necessary to explain the origin of species. He was not sure how variations were passed from one generation to the next. Inheritance might be by blending, hybrids thus being intermediate in form and function between their parents. In the later editions of the *Origin of Species*, he leaned more and more on inheritance of acquired characteristics as had LaMarck. But he never made this his major argument. He did not know of the work of Gregor Mendel. He proposed a theory of inheritance that had origins in ancient Greece, pangenesis—impossible to test in his time. However, his theory of natural selection and the origin of species did not swing on his theory of inheritance. All that mattered was that inherited variation and isolation in populations did occur—and he could demonstrate that this was a fact.

The *Origin of Species* was published in 1859, at the peak of a revival of Natural Theology in Protestant England that made the Church of England stronger than it had been for many years. As a result of the integration of natural history and Theology, science was in the public mind. It was considered proper for everyone to discuss Natural Theology and to dabble in Natural History. The *Origin of Species*, first edition, sold out quickly. People were quick to react both in England and America. There was no escaping the fact that Darwin's theory substituted "chance" for the Designer that men had previously accepted as the planner of the universe. The theory, when extended, also undermined the general belief in the literal accuracy of the Bible—in the Book of Genesis. It offered scientific fact derived from experience as the basis of knowledge and supported materialism in thought. In one stroke, it removed the Purpose and Design of the Natural Theologian from Nature and replaced it with an evolutionary process dependent on random accidents.

Many deep-running currents of thought welled to the surface, and a whirling vortex formed around Charles Darwin. He had convincingly inserted a keystone of thought that would lead to a new view of the universe. He had demonstrated that the principle of continuity of change in time had to be applied to living things. There was no permanent living form in the past; there was no stability in the present; man could not foresee permanence of living form in the future. And man, the creature, was no more significant than any of his "lesser" brothers.

In England, the most famous public debate occurred in 1860 at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science held at Oxford University. After several days of meetings in which neither side of the evolution questions was brought into the debates, an unplanned-for climax came. It was a convergence of two waves of thought in which the *a priori*, teleological currents were submerged and crested over by appeal to reason and experience. Because the climax was unexpected, no adequate record of the transactions was kept. The voices that echoed in the hall on the last night of the meeting were carried away as heresay only. Interesting portrayals are made for us by Hardin and by Noyes about as told here.

Attending the meeting were Thomas Henry Huxley, Richard Owen, and Robert Chambers, anonymous author of *The Vestiges of Creation*. American Science was ably represented by John W. Draper. Charles Darwin, as was true of him throughout all the conflicting debates, was not there in person. His former teacher and friend, the Reverend John S. Henslow, presided at the meeting. The critical debate did not result from a formal paper. It arose in a discussion following a paper presented by John W. Draper in which he had referred to the *Origin of Species*. In a heated discussion which followed, a call was raised by the audience for Bishop Samuel Wilburforce to come forth and speak on the subject of the "Origin." Bishop

Wilburforce was not only a bishop in the Church of England but was also a recognized naturalist, and thus had claim to authority both in "holy orders" and in the "facts of nature." He spoke for nearly half an hour but, according to Joseph Hooker, showed an unfamiliarity with the subject that displayed that he had not read the "Origin." But it was not this unfamiliarity that was decisive in the debate; it was not an issue of scientific fact. It was rather that the Bishop, growing confident in his own eloquence felt that he was free to attack the person of T. H. Huxley who was sitting on the platform as well as the theory which he represented. As heresay relates, he turned toward Huxley and with a smile inquired of him whether it was through his grandfather or through his grandmother that he traced his personal descent from the monkey. Huxley arose in response and carried himself with dignity to the center of the platform where he stood quietly, letting all eyes and attention focus upon him. (One can imagine the expectancy of the moment!) He made some general comments to the effect that the time rate of change in the evolution of species occurs over thousands of generations and this fact obscures the truth of the theory from those who view it superficially. The personal climax of his statement was yet to come. He went on to say, that "If the question of evolution is treated, not as a matter for the calm investigation of science, but as a matter of sentiment, and if I am asked whether I would choose to be descended from the poor animal of low intelligence and stooping gait, who grins and chatters as we pass,—or from a man, endowed with great ability and splendid position, who should use these gifts to discredit and hush humble seekers after truth—I hesitate what answer I should make." In the midst of the ovation that followed, some of the people recognized the cleavage that had occurred: a whole era of thought had already begun to recede into the past.

Bishop Wilburforce had represented the Natural The-

ology of the Church of England, the Natural History of the earlier period, and Oxford University. Huxley had represented Charles Darwin and the new biology that was to come. The theological and philosophical debates continued heatedly until about 1900, but the new view of nature was widely accepted in the sciences and other intellectual disciplines by that year. After the turn of the century, a science of genetics arose and with it knowledge of the physical basis of heredity—the chromosome. The understanding of the origins of variation and the nature of heredity, the second giant step that Darwin had not been able to make, soon followed and the modern age of molecular biology began.

It should be clear now that Darwin did not stand alone. He owed a great debt to the past as do all men both in factual information and in the philosophic bent that enabled him to endure the *Beagle* and still maintain the urge to know nature as fully as possible. Many factors contributed to his debt. Complex circumstances lie behind it. Throughout his life, he was a man with relatively few financial worries. He was able to live as an irresponsible individualist, free to pursue purely personal intellectual interests. He was not required to participate in the routine social and intellectual activities of his time. His trip on the *Beagle* isolated him almost completely from his fellow man, from the traditional mind that complacently walked the Victorian streets of England. For five years, he had been removed from the main stream of social and cultural consciousness. All these things added together to enable him to question and to reject major tenets and concepts of nature that had come to him from the past, to take a fresh view and shape a contribution of his own.

Darwin's contribution to the history of science, indeed to all rational thought, was a substitution of the dynamic for the static view of living things. He extended the principle of continuity and change into a time dimension.

Through his cogent and laborious arguments in the *Origin of Species*, he made Western Man aware of the necessity of understanding natural processes of change in time as well as the traditional description of what had been assumed to be the static, material substance of nature—changeless since the beginning.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Part I of this paper, "The Mosaic Heritage of Charles Darwin" which appeared in THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY for April, depended heavily upon the essays of H. Bentley Glass, Charles Coulton Gillispie, and A. O. Lovejoy, published in *Forerunners of Darwin*, Baltimore: The John Hopkins University Press, 1959. Glass and his references were the chief sources of the critical experiments and observations which enable discussion of pre-nineteenth century questions and opinions. Jane Oppenheimer's excellent comprehensive essay, "Problems, Concepts, and Their History," found in *Analysis of Development* by Willier, Weiss, and Hamburger and published by Saunders and Company in 1955, was used as one of the most complete discussions of the descent of the Leibnitzian influence.

An excellent concise biography, Ruth Moore's *Charles Darwin*, was published in 1955 by Alfred A. Knopf. *Nature and Man's Fate* by Garret Hardin, published by Rinehart and Company in 1959, is an excellent source for discussions of the historical development of topics in evolution. It is particularly valuable for its examination of the positions of St. Augustine and William Paley. St. Augustine can be read directly in Book XII of *The City of God*, edited by Vernon Bourke and published in 1958 by Doubleday and Company in Image Books. William Paley's work was consulted in the original, but it is not readily available. Discussion of the Huxley-Wilburforce debate is found in Hardin and in the narrative verse of Alfred Noyes in *The Torchbearers*, quoted in *The American Scientist*, XLVIII (March, 1960), 101.

These two essays have taken their substance from the references cited above. Full credit and gratitude are due each of these authors and the many others who cannot be mentioned in a brief note of this kind. If these essays succeed in making readers aware of these references and their extensive bibliographies, they will have served their primary purpose: to start others in pursuit of personal understanding of the mosaic history of ideas on this subject with its significant implications for social and philosophical thought and action in our time.

looking forward . . .

ACCCEPTANCE seems to be a fairly general human desire, and in this regard at least a publication has fairly normal human characteristics. At any rate, its editors do. This issue of *THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY* rounds out our first year of publication. Somehow or other, we have managed to get together some twenty-two articles and a dozen poems, and our friends in the office of the State Printer on West Tenth Avenue in Topeka have managed to put them together in the form of a magazine. From the outside, it all probably looks relatively simple. As a matter of fact, it has been a relatively complicated process. There have been problems, but at the same time there have been satisfactions, not the least of which has been the word with which this paragraph begins.

The editors of this journal have been blessed with a high degree of acceptance from a variety of sources, and this milestone at year's end seems as good a time as any to take note of it. First of all, our contributors have accepted the notion of a journal of this particular stripe, accepted it to the critical point at which they have submitted their articles and papers and verse for publication. This is a fundamental kind of acceptance without which it would have been impossible for us to meet even our first deadline. When one stops to consider that our contributors are unrewarded in any material sense, then the import of their acceptance and trust becomes clear.

A word or two is needed on the acceptance the journal has received from our friends and fellow-workers at the State Printer's. From before the first issue, they have accorded us and our efforts every courtesy and every cooperation, working with us to produce an attractive and readable publication. The relationship between editor and printer is a vitally important one not immediately obvious to the outsider. *THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY* has been extremely fortunate in enjoying a relationship characterized by mutual appreciation, cooperation, and trust from the outset. Its editors wish to record their gratitude for this happy state of affairs.

There is of course another kind of acceptance which is also essential to any publication. This involves that important third party, the reader. In the long run, the reader is the making of any

journal. Fortunately, this journal has been steadily winning readers ever since last October. Individuals and institutions continue to subscribe or to request exchange agreements; several subscribers have even gone to the extent of signing up for two years, and some have renewed initial subscriptions months before their expiration date. This material acceptance has an obvious practical importance which requires no explanation. And, best of all, it continues. As the spring semester ground to a close, inquiries and subscriptions were coming in from such widely scattered locations as Peru, Nebraska, and The University of Adelaide in Southern Australia. This is all encouraging.

Most significant of all, in the editor's eyes, is yet another form of acceptance. Other editors have noticed our efforts and have written for permission to reprint certain of our offerings. At the risk of sounding boastful and immodest, your editors must inform you of the extent of this particular form of acceptance. Earlier we reported that *Best Articles & Stories* had asked permission to reprint Clyde Walton's "Recent Civil War Writing" and Richard C. Welty's provocative "Are the States Obsolete?" The April issue of *Best Articles & Stories* contained Professor Welty's article in entirety—with our permission and his, of course. Shortly after our April issue was mailed, the editor of the Missouri Library Association *Bulletin* asked permission to reprint Jerome Cushman's "Night-Thoughts of a Librarian." It should appear this summer. But the end is not yet.

As June came in, we heard again from *Best Articles & Stories*—twice! They want to reprint Clay Malick's discussion of "The Supreme Court as Moral Force" and two of Charles Guardia's poems: "Points of View" and "Vacillation," all from our April issue. And, in looking over back issues, they discovered Hans Beerman's "fine piece on Hermann Hesse" (October, 1959), and they'd like to reprint that, too. We have written Professor Beerman, c/o American Express, Madrid, to see if it's all right with him. We think it will be.

All in all, not a bad record. Consider the bare statistics: in our first three issues, we published seventeen articles and nine poems. Of these, five articles and two poems have been reprinted or requested for reprint. In addition, many newspapers and magazines have had occasion to refer to THE MIDWEST QUARTERLY, to quote from various articles appearing in it, or even, like the Wichita

Eagle, to print generous excerpts from our pages. The *Eagle* of May 23 gave over nearly three columns of its editorial page to that bothersome question Professor Welty raised last October: "Are the States Obsolete?"

Enough of this self-esteem. It is the editors' conviction, however, that our readers, especially our paying subscribers, ought to know what a good thing we have going here and what increasing acceptance we have won. The news should be as reassuring to them as it is to us.

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